

The Sketch.



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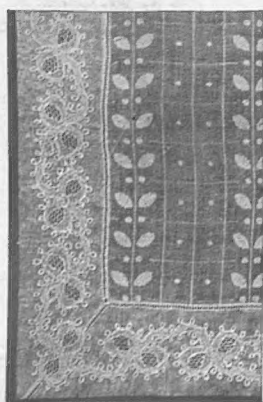
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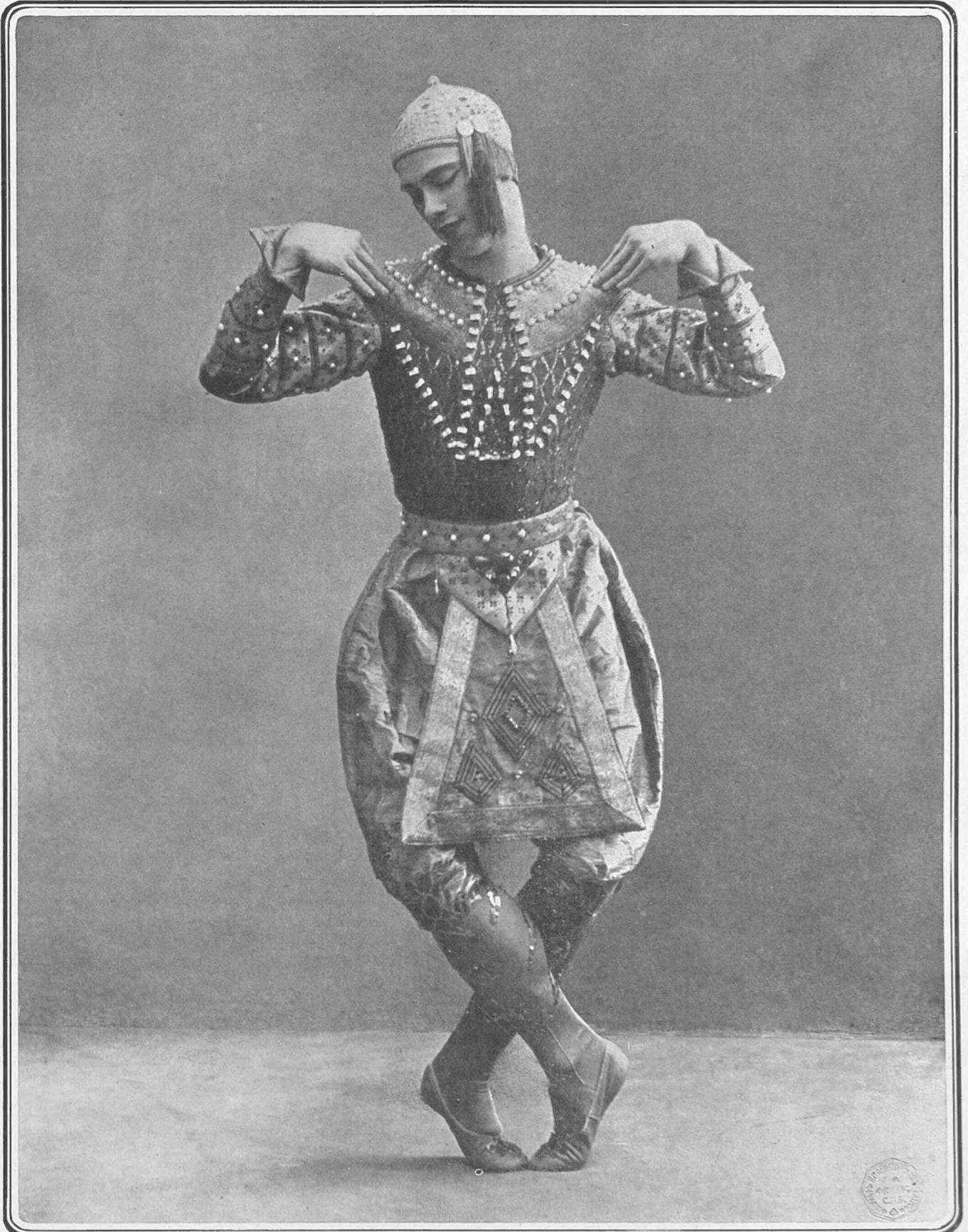
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No. 952. — Vol. LXXIV.

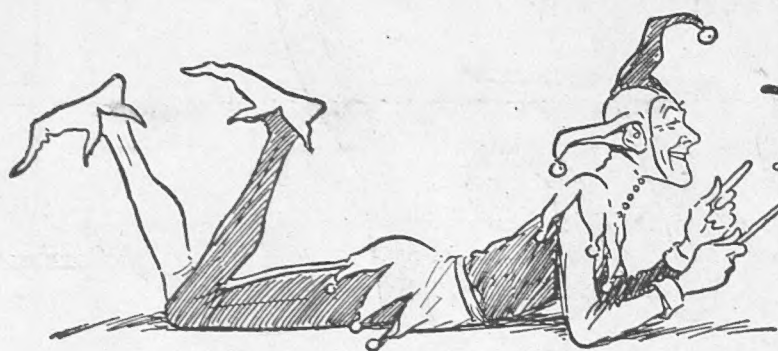
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



IN A SIAMESE DANCE: M. VASLAV NIJINSKY, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER, WHO IS APPEARING AT COVENT GARDEN DURING THE GRAND OPERA SEASON.

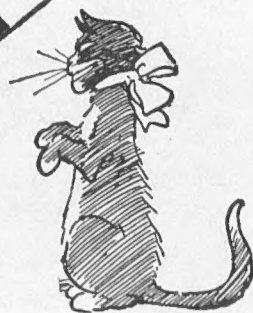
The Imperial Russian Ballet, from the opera-houses of St. Petersburg and Moscow, are to be a great feature of the Grand Opera Season, which has just begun at Covent Garden. M. Nijinsky, who comes to England for the first time, has been described as the most famous male dancer in the world. The dancers are to appear in "Cléopâtre," by Arensky-Glazounov; "Scheherazade," by Rimsky-Korsakov; "L'Oiseau de Feu," by Stravinski; "Les Sylphides," by Chopin; "Le Carnaval," by Schumann; "La Pavillon d'Armide," by Tcherepnine; and "Prince Igor," by Borodin.—[Photograph by Fisher.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



A Cry of Distress.

A gentleman has written to one of my daily papers complaining that he is forced to live beyond his means. His wife is not extravagant, but his friends are. When they call upon his wife in the afternoon, they look at the furniture in such a way that the sofa bridles with indignation and the piano shifts uneasily on its castors. We all know that look. It is not a sneer, or a smirk, or a scoff, or a reproach. It is the look the cabman casts at the coin when you are a little bigger than himself. One can easily imagine how unpleasant it must be to have one's best parlour peopled with dissatisfied cabmen five afternoons a week. No man likes to come home from business to find his wife weeping into a hole in the carpet. More than that, this gentleman's friends twit him with not spending more money on amusements. This they do with the full knowledge that he would like to go to the theatre, and would love to take his wife to the theatre, but simply can't afford it. "Seen that piece at the Royal this week?" they say. "What! You haven't? My dear fellow, best thing we've had down here for months. Took my wife and sister-in-law last night; we laughed until we were nearly ill. Run off and buy a couple of stalls! Give you my word you'll never regret it!"

The Solid Silver Standard.

To continue. They lure him to their card-parties, and ply him with expensive refreshments. Does he enjoy himself? Certainly not. As he guzzles the champagne and munches the caviare sandwiches he is saying to himself: "This is all very well, old chap, but your turn will come round, and what then? Can you do it on these lines? You know very well you can't. (Huge gulp.) You know very well it'll be coffee and still lemonade at your place, and everybody will go away with loathing in his heart and a sad feeling elsewhere. (Just *one* more, then.) You're a fraud, an impostor, and a bad egg." Being a good bridge-player, he naturally wins the prize. It is a solid silver butter-shell and knife in case; length of shell, five inches; chased — twenty-eight shillings. Other patterns kept. This puts the crown on his misery. He has no sort of use for a solid silver butter-shell. It would make everything else on his table look sheepish. He and his wife are accustomed to seeing the butter on an ordinary plate, and the butter is also accustomed to an ordinary plate. He can't sell the shell for more than five shillings, and he would have to make a journey to a neighbouring town even to get that. He can't give it again as a prize or a wedding-present. And *his* prize must cost not less than twenty-eight shillings, or social ruin stares him in the face. Poor devil!

A Splendid Remedy.

Despair sharpens the wits, however, and our friend has hit upon a remedy. He would like to see in every town a league of those who find it necessary to practise rigid economy. "The formation of an economic league," he writes, "of which all members would wear a badge signifying their inability to take part in expensive amusements, would be a blessing and boon to thousands all over the country. . . . Members of the league attending the theatre at their own expense would have to go to the pit or gallery, and no member should give more than one dinner-party a year, and should not provide more than two wines at that." I should like further particulars of this league. For instance, would the badge be visible or worn next the skin? Would the members of the league be allowed to take part in expensive amusements at the expense of other people? How many people should be invited to the one dinner-party per year, and what should be the name and price of the two wines provided? Would the card or note-paper bearing the

invitation to this dinner be adorned with the badge of the Economic League? If so, would anybody attend the dinner? If not, what is to prevent non-leaguers accepting the invitation and then looking sourly at the wine? These are points that should receive the most careful consideration before any definite step is taken.

How to Eat a Loaf.

I have found another passionate cry in this same daily paper. This time it comes from Mr. Edmund Owen, F.R.C.S., whose name will be familiar to all. "I would like to go back," says Mr. Owen, "to the bread which I knew as a boy in East Anglia." Why, you will certainly ask, does Mr. Owen wish to go back to the bread that he knew as a boy in East Anglia? The answer will fall on sympathetic ears. At any rate, my own were sympathetic when it fell on them. Mr. Owen would like to go back to the bread that he knew as a boy in East Anglia because that bread had a hard crust. He makes me long to have been brought up in East Anglia. "The children of the time to which I refer were given a hard crust of this bread to suck at. . . . There could be nothing better for the physiological stimulation of the jaws, the gums, and the embedded teeth. But upon much of the bread which is now supplied it is difficult to find a decent crust. This state of affairs is all wrong." I am entirely with Mr. Owen in this matter. Instead of parents encouraging their children to cut all the crust off the loaf and leave all the crumb, they actually reprimand, and sometimes punish, them for doing this. The crumb, of course, was never meant to be eaten. It is only fit for puddings and birds.

About My Baker.

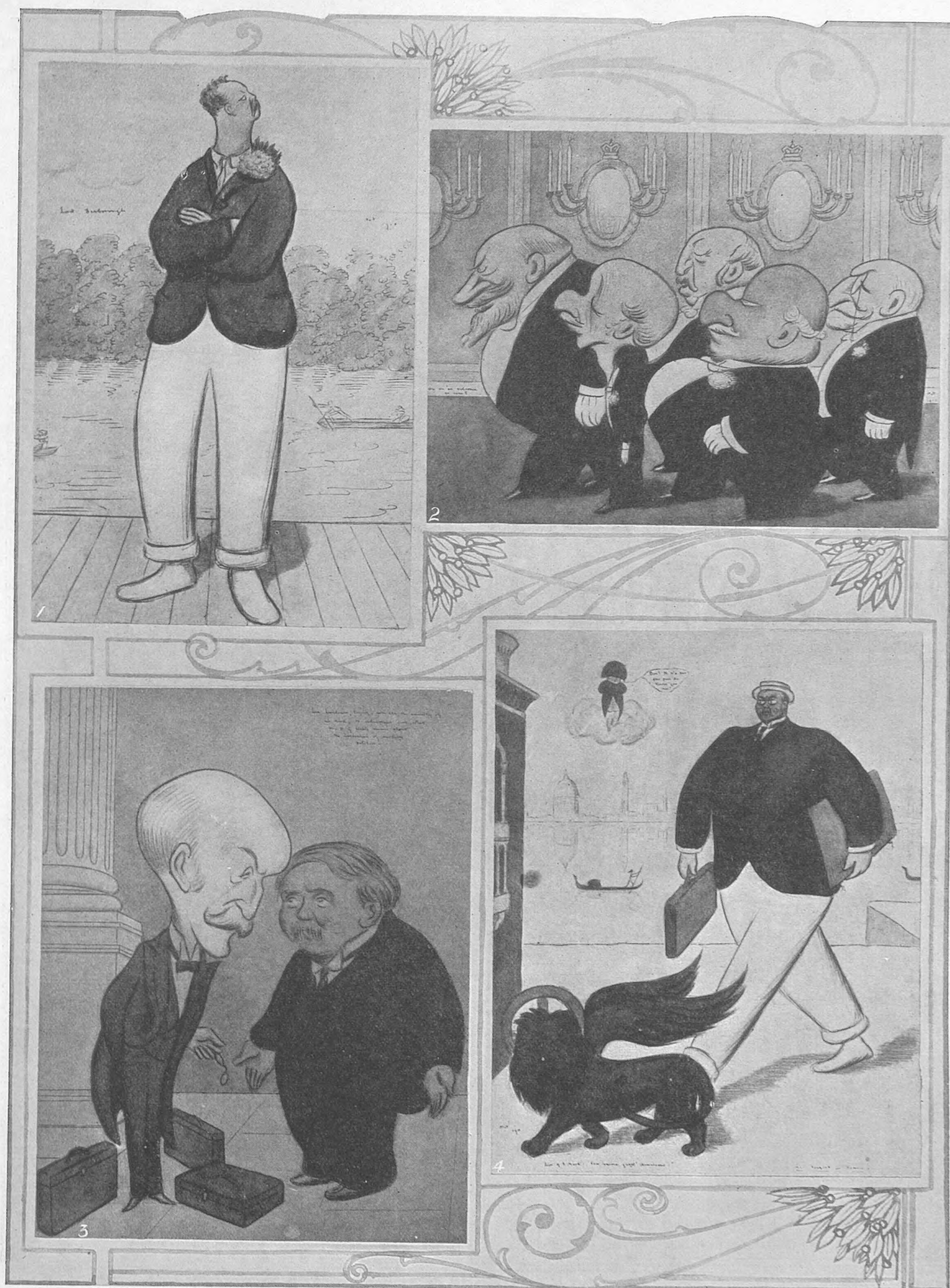
I have not quite done with this subject. It is one that I really have, so to speak, at heart. "Upon much of the bread which is now supplied it is difficult to find a decent crust." Nothing has been said for a long time that rings more true than that. I go to my baker, I kneel down in the shop, I clasp my hands, I gaze up into his face with eyes flooded with unshed tears, and I say to him: "Will you, *will* you, *WILL* you bake my loaves a little longer? I am starving for a well-baked loaf! Would you see me starve just round the corner? I cannot eat crumb. At present I live on toast. Could you not let me, only me, have one well-baked loaf a day?" His face hardens. I clutch at his ankles. He shakes me off and returns to the bakehouse to pull the half-baked loaves out of the oven. In his heart revenge is brooding. Next morning I find upon my table a loaf that is not a loaf at all but a cinder. I cannot, of course, eat it. I return the loaf to him with a humble message. The morning after that my loaf is as sickly, as spongy, as underbaked as ever. I would bake my own bread if I had a suitable oven, but I have not. Mr. Owen is now my last hope. He has eloquence, he has knowledge, he has enthusiasm, he has the ear of the Press. His to right the wrong.

At the Sign of "The Cow's Ears."

People who do not laugh at their own jokes are not necessarily stupid. I will give you an illustration. A young lady, an acquaintance of mine, had a bet with a friend as to the exact position of a cow's ears. She thought they were in front of the horns, and the friend was quite sure they were at the back of the horns. My young friend therefore called upon a butcher and said: "Can you tell me the exact position of the cow's ears?" "Yes, Miss," said the butcher. "The first to the right, and the second to the left." The young lady, when telling me this story, roared with laughter at the stupidity of the butcher. "Don't you see it?" she gasped. "He thought I meant a public-house!" "Not at all," I replied. "The butcher's answer was perfectly correct. He presumed that you were trying to chaff him, and so had a little joke at *your* expense. Think it over, and you'll see."

THE MANŒUVRES OF MAX: FOUR OF A HUNDRED.

CARICATURES BY MR. MAX BEERBOHM.



1. "LORD DESBOROUGH."

3. "LORD LANSDOWNE TRYING, WITH ALL THE AMENITY OF HIS KIND, TO UNDERSTAND JUST WHAT MR. H. G. WELLS MEANS ABOUT THE BARRENNESS OF OFFICIAL POLITICS."

2. "ARE WE AS WELCOME AS EVER?"

4. "MR. SARGENT IN VENICE—SHADE OF NAPOLEON: 'BON! IL N'A PAS PLUS PEUR DE VENISE QUE MOI.'"

One hundred caricatures by Mr. Max Beerbohm are on show in Leicester Square, at the Leicester Galleries. A third of them were done during last year; the rest at various dates.

By Courtesy of the Artist and the Leicester Galleries: Photographs by C.N.

O! O! THE CUP FINAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

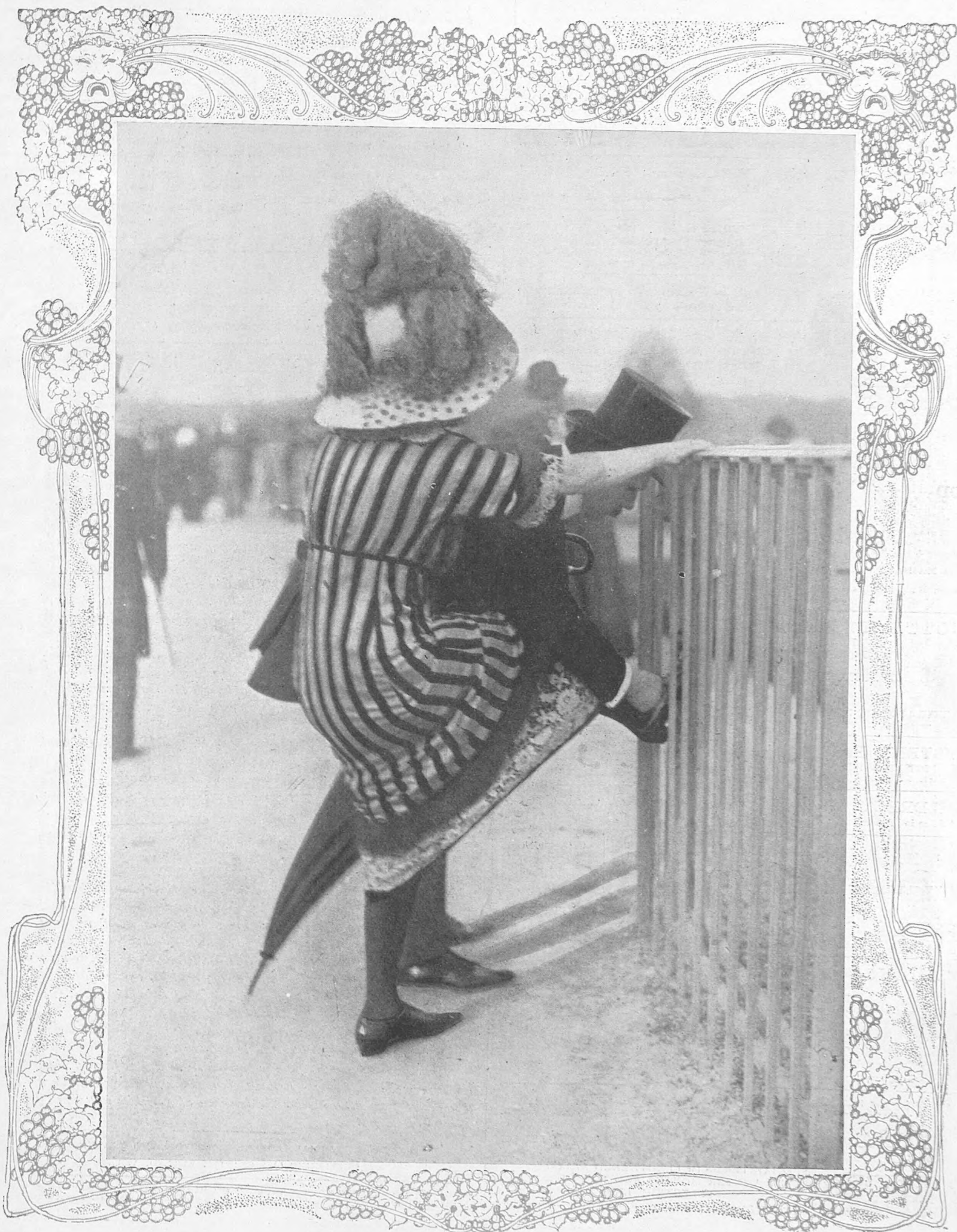


WATCHING A DISAPPOINTING GAME: THE GREAT CROWD AT THE F.A. CUP FINAL ON SATURDAY LAST.

The F.A. Cup Final at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last was decidedly disappointing, ending indecisively—Newcastle United, 0; Bradford City, 0. Some seventy thousand people attended it. The opinion formed by many of those who watched the play was that Newcastle United were the better team. The rules of the competition do not allow extra time to be played at a first meeting in the final; thus the teams will face one another again—to-day (Wednesday) on the Manchester United Football Club's ground at Trafford Park.

Photograph by Topical.

DIFFICULTIES OF SHOE-TYING WHILE IN A HOBBLE SKIRT.



A TIGHT-SKIRT QUESTION—HOW TO LOOK ELEGANT WHEN A LOOSE LACE IS BEING TIED.

The tight skirt has its disadvantages as well as its advantages; one of the former is the difficulty its wearer has in raising her foot—to get into a cab or a taxi. When it comes to resting the foot on a height that a loose shoe-lace may be tied up, such a result as that here illustrated may be anticipated.

Photograph by Charles Delius.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

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The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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A Remembrance Society.

I think we in England want badly such a society as the French have in their "Souvenir," a society which erects memorials to minor heroes in their native towns. The nearest approach we make to this are the medallions put up on houses where celebrated men have lived. At Laruns, a townlet in the French Pyrenees (may I explain parenthetically that I am spending a fortnight at Pau in sunshine and soft air as a preparation for the fierce joys of the coming London season), the "Souvenir" has erected a bronze bust of a young quartermaster of the 10th Hussars in Napoleonic days who killed a Prussian Prince in a cavalry charge, and was promoted to be a Lieutenant in one of the Guard regiments and decorated with the Legion of Honour. This bust set me thinking that we have ample scope for a "Souvenir" in our country, that we have numberless minor heroes whose memory should be kept green—that such men as Latham of the Buffs and that Sergeant of the Greys who captured the French Eagle, and scores of others like them, should have memorials in their native towns and villages; that Kipling has given such a society, if it ever is formed, a motto in his "Lest we forget"; and that such busts or other forms of remembrance of soldiers and sailors would be a real aid to recruiting.

Lourdes.

Pau, that town of a splendid view (for fifty miles of the snow-clad Pyrenees stretch in a long line across the southern horizon) and of soft air, is an admirable base for little excursions, and the most interesting of all of these is to Lourdes. Not only are the churches, built one above the other, a wonder of architecture, and the grotto, with its thousands of crutches and leg and body supports hung on the rocks, a proof that faith in divine help can aid in human ills, but there is a curious feeling of being, as it were, put back into Biblical times, of being amongst the people who saw visions and with whom the angels walked and talked. There are photographs of Bernadette, the girl to whom the visions appeared, in all the shops of the miles of streets devoted to the sale of sacred medals and figures and rosaries and crucifixes; and some shops claim special recognition as being the property of the brother and the niece of Bernadette, and of a girl who was present when the first vision appeared. To sit, as I did, for a morning on a bench by the river and to watch from a distance the people of all classes, all placed on an equal footing on holy ground, pay their tribute of devotion at the shrine is to be convinced that there is only one leveller stronger than Fear—and that is Faith.

Jangling Notes.

Some notes jangling out of tune there are in the harmony of religious ecstasy which one finds at Lourdes. Such a note is the warning posted prominently on all the buildings about the sacred spots telling pilgrims to keep safeguard over their purses. No doubt the light-fingered fraternity have found pilgrims, their thoughts turned away from all terrestrial matters, easy prey. Another jarring note is the warning some of the tradespeople issue to pilgrims not to be deceived by rival vendors of sacred objects. One firm asserts that the luminous statues it makes are the only ones which will retain their brilliancy after being washed; and there are numerous other such cautions posted up in shops. It is sad to see that brotherly love is at a discount so near a sacred shrine. The amusements provided for pilgrims are limited; there is a cinematograph show (the scenes shown in which seem to be distinctly secular), a panorama of Lourdes in the 'fifties, and the ascent of a neighbouring peak by a funicular railway. I wonder what the good people of Rheims and other northern towns identified with the history of Joan of Arc think of the appropriation by Lourdes of Joan as one of its heroines. There are almost as many figures of the martial Maid in the shops as there are of that other Virgin who appeared as a vision to Bernadette.



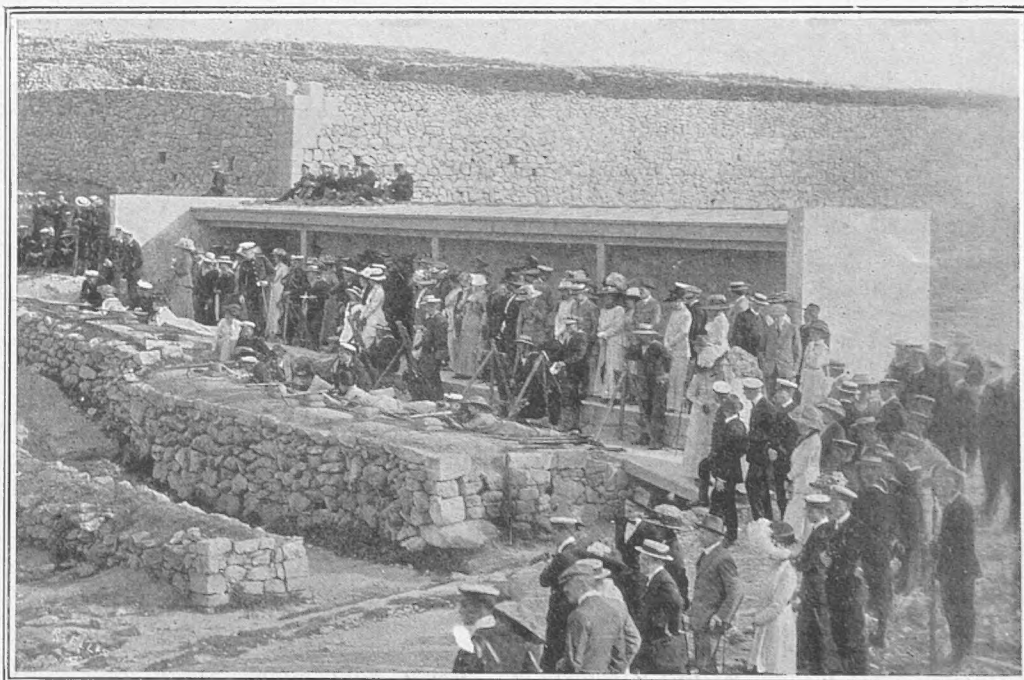
ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND SOLICITOR-GENERAL ON HOLIDAY: SIR RUFUS ISAACS GIVES SIR JOHN SIMON A LIGHT AT BROOKLANDS.

Sir Rufus Isaacs became Attorney-General in October of last year, relinquishing the post of Solicitor-General, to which he had been appointed in the previous March. Sir John Simon became Solicitor-General on Sir Rufus Isaacs' promotion.

Photograph by C.N.

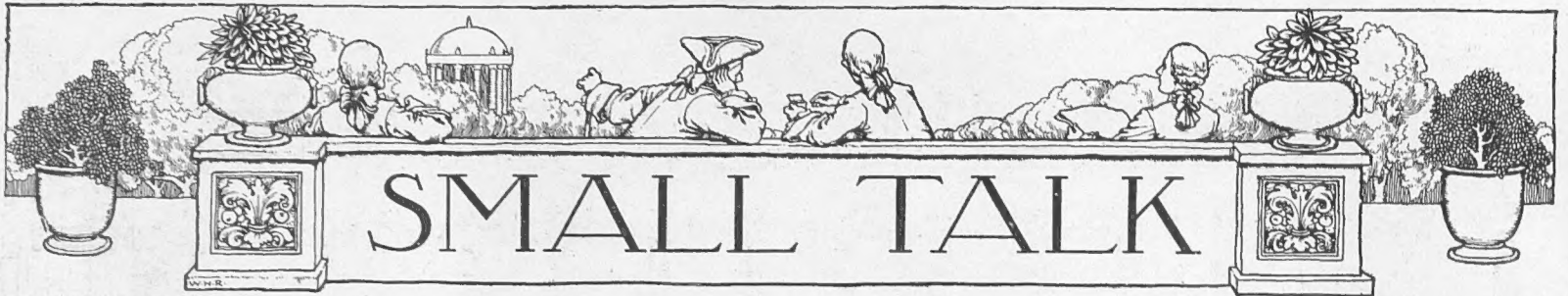
Those Carriage Drives.

Every morning when I come down into the hall of the hotel at which I am staying in Pau the clerk at the desk asks after my health, and then makes a suggestion of some excursion for the afternoon—some excursion which will not force me to take a meal away from the hotel restaurant—and the final words of his suggestion always are, "And the fare for the carriage drive will be twenty-five francs." He does not, however, bear me any malice when I ask for the Indicateur and look out some little journey by railway, though he sighs in pitying manner when I tell him that I am going out to lunch or dine at the English Club, which is a most hospitable and comfortable British haven of rest, with an excellent chef in the kitchen. The only occasion on which I have fallen a victim to the "twenty-five franc" temptation was when I drove from Laruns to Faux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes, two little towns of healing waters amidst Pyrenean scenery. Lourdes; Argelès, where there is a splendid view of the mountains; Lescar, an old town which the Romans founded, and which retains much of its mediæval stateliness; and Orthez, where is that bridge which Soult failed to blow up when Wellington was at his heels, are all on one or other of the lines of rail which branch out from Pau.



WOMEN AS CRACK SHOTS: THE LADIES' SHOOTING TEAM COMPETITION AT THE RECENT NAVAL RIFLE-RANGE MEETING, AT MALTA.

Photograph by R. Ellis.



TO MARRY LORD ST. JOHN OF BLETSO ON THE 26TH: MISS ETHEL S. LUTLEY.

Miss Lutley is the second daughter of the late Mr. John Habington Lutley, of Brockhampton, Herefordshire. Her brother, Mr. John Talbot Lutley, who is a Major in the 5th Battalion (Militia) Worcestershire Regiment, served in the South African War, and was an A.D.C. to the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope from 1902 to 1906.

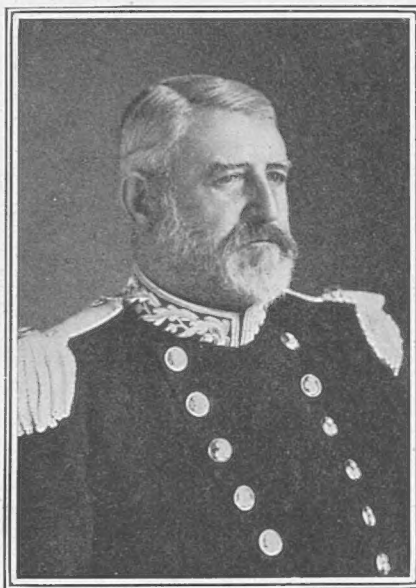
Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

they had been invited to do honour to the memory of the Kaiser's grandmother by witnessing the destruction of an ugly, but useful, pile?

The Housing of Ambassadors. It has been stated that Mr. John Hays Hammond, the Special Ambassador for the

Coronation from the United States, will be put up during his stay in London, not by his Government, but by Mr. Burdett-Coutts. "Take it, and stay in it as long as you wish," said the man with a house in Piccadilly to his friend in New York; and in a season when everybody is either a guest or a host there is nothing in the incident to prove the special closeness of the American Exchequer. By a recent Act of Congress, all American Embassies will soon be provided for on a proper scale from Washington,

THE jesting suggestion that the pulling down of Buckingham Palace would be the best memorial to King Edward had its counterpart after the death of Queen Victoria. She herself had a critical eye for the defects of that building, but the house-painter, not the house-breaker, was able to reconcile her. On one occasion she demanded workmen who might "render the exterior of the Palace such as no longer to be a *disgrace* to the country, which it certainly now is," at the same time complaining of "the total want of accommodation for our little family." The changes then wrought provide the Kaiser and his companions with the rooms they will occupy during their impending visit. Where would they have been put up if, instead of coming to assist at the unveiling of the Victoria memorial,



TO MARRY MISS ETHEL S. LUTLEY ON THE 26TH: LORD ST. JOHN OF BLETSO.

Lord St. John of Bletso, who is the sixteenth Baron, was born in 1844, and succeeded to the title in 1887. He is Lord Lieutenant of Bedfordshire, Chairman of Quarter Sessions of the county, and President of its Territorial Force Association. His first wife, whom he married in 1869, died in 1909.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

—not Dorchester House, probably—at his country's expense instead of at his own. Mr. Choate has often told a story of the old order. One night he was watching a crowd in a London street, when a policeman began to eye him suspiciously, and afterwards asked him why he didn't go home. "My dear Sir," replied Mr. Choate, "I have no home; I'm the American Ambassador."

The "Squire." Mr. Ditchfield is writing a book on the Squires of England, and will thank anyone who sends him stories—humorous, pathetic, descriptive—relating to the lives, virtues, and achievements of "a race which will soon be extinct." Mr. Ditchfield's phrase is, we think, too gloomy. There are many signs that the landowners of to-day, whether titled or

untitled, have some of the stamina of their ancient order. Take Lord Onslow's letter to the *Times*. He, at any rate, is not going quietly on the road to extinction. Indeed, to turn the pages of old memoirs is to face some of the figures of the present. In 1765, a guest wrote from Croome, Lord Coventry's seat: "The house is full of tobacco, the yard is full of tenants, and the Peer, with an important face, is telling us how much he pays to the land tax." "The Peer with an important face" is quite a modern touch.

The Higher Education. Mrs. George Cornwallis West is filling up her Shakespeare

Quadrille, but no news is yet to hand of Mr. Winston Churchill's part in it. Perhaps the quadrille in which Mr. F. E. Smith has already been assigned his place makes counter-claims upon him, or perhaps "Hamlet" is the play in which he will figure. It was the one that most interested his father, of whom it is told that once he found himself at an Irving performance of the tragedy in Dublin, with a reception at the Castle to attend later in the evening. Remembering his engagement when the second act was over, he hastened behind, introduced himself to Irving, explained how intensely interested he had been in the play, and begged him to tell him how it ended! The answer he got was a model—even for Home Secretaries—of brevity and good-nature.

"Le Sport." The adventures of the Duke of Westminster and his English foxhounds in the French forests have no more interested follower than the Duke of Beaufort, who made a rather similar experiment many years ago with his father. But what amused him more

than the all too successful flight of a wild quarry were the wilder flights in which the Parisian journalists indulged. Every sort of reason was discovered for the trip. "Milord has inherited," ran one account, "a rental of 1,000,000 frs. on condition he maintains three packs of hounds, hunts six days a week, and spends 250,000 frs. a year on his hunting establishment. There are collaterals always on the watch who would cause the bequest to be revoked if the conditions were not carried out." Elsewhere it was suggested that the Englishmen had come to rid the shepherd and the lonely cottager of fearsome wolves. The Duke of Westminster, at any rate, now finds the French Press much better acquainted with the notion of "le sport."



TO MARRY MR. CHARLES HENRY LYLE, M.P., ON MAY 18: MISS ROSALIND MARGARET WATNEY.

Miss Watney is the elder daughter of Mr. Vernon James Watney and Lady Margaret Watney, of 11, Berkeley Square, and Cornbury Park, Charlbury, Oxfordshire. Her mother is a sister of the Earl of Portsmouth. Mr. C. H. Lyell is the only son of Sir Leonard Lyell, Bt., of Kinnordy, Kirriemuir, Forfarshire. He is the Liberal member for South Edinburgh, and formerly represented East Dorset.—[Photo. by Lafayette.]



TO MARRY MR. REGINALD HENDERSON ON THE 25TH: MISS ISLA CLIFTON BROWN.

Miss Isla Clifton Brown is the youngest daughter of Colonel J. Clifton Brown, of Holmbush, Lower Beding, Sussex. Mr. Reginald Henderson is the youngest son of the late Mr. Robert Henderson, of Sedgwick Park, Horsham.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



TO MARRY MR. ANDREW NOBLE POPE, ROYAL FUSILIERS, ON THE 26TH: MISS MARJORY LORNA SHUTE. Miss Marjory Shute is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Walter Rankin Shute and Lady Murray, of Harewood Glen, Selkirk. Mr. Andrew Pope is the son of Mr. John Noble C. Pope, of Clifton, Bristol.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

WHAT! NO HOPE? THE FORLORN MASCOT.



"FLASHED" IN THE ONLY JUNGLE HE IS LIKELY TO KNOW: TEDDY, THE HIMALAYAN BEAR,
FORMERLY OF THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.

Teddy, the mascot of the King's Royal Rifles, at Shorncliffe Camp, developed a habit of escaping from his soldier friends — and a temper. Indeed, he attacked three of the riflemen who were feeding him, on a recent occasion, and was so fierce that it was impossible to prevent him breaking out of the camp. Thus it was deemed necessary to sell him. He had been attached to the K.R.R.s since cubhood, and joined them when they were in India. The photograph is a flashlight taken in "The Jungle," at Sheffield.

Photograph by W. H. Babington.



By WADHAM PEACOCK.

AMONG the miscellaneous articles discovered in a cow full of oddments by a small farmer in Mayo were three breechloading cartridges. The cow had probably put them in its pocket as a protection against cattle-drivers, and had forgotten all about them.

A paragraph says that a "messaging adviser" has been appointed at the War Office. Here is another addition to the list of superfluous officials.

"Take your summer holidays in the spring," is the latest bit of advice. It is true that there is no difference between the seasons just now; but if the Clerk of the Weather were to catch us doing that, he would bring back the old-fashioned summer, just to learn us to be toads.



Signor Caruso has lost about £20,000 in fees owing to a very bad cold. Somebody might have had the decency to tell him that here in England he can get any number of absolutely infallible

cures for a cold at one-three-farthings apiece.

Bad temper is frequently caused by defective vision. It is, in fact, a mental squint.

"The medical profession has a great future in this country," says the *Ceylon Mail* in a moment of expansion. 'This hardly seems a tactful way of advertising the charms of the island.

Now is the time to be courteous to spiders, for every fly that they eat now means 1,728,000 fewer flies in June. Like the gallant Captain Mare, flies belong to the League of Large Families.

THE MAIDEN'S TEST.

(The modern girl proposes that would-be husbands should be required to prove their courage before they become engaged.)

Oh, ladies, dear ladies,
be careful, I pray,
Remember the maiden
of history
Who behaved in precisely
a similar way;
And ponder the moral
of this story.

She wanted to prove that her lover was brave,
So threw down her glove as she sat in a
Stall, to some lions who'd eaten a slave
As the leading star turn at a matinée.

He sprang on the stage with a chivalrous grace,
And snatched from the lions' ferocity
The glove, which he carelessly threw in her face,
Sole meed of diseased curiosity.

And thus a deserted old maid till the day
Of her death was this damsel
of history.
So ladies, dear ladies, be careful, I pray,
And ponder the moral of
this story.

Carpentry is now recommended as a fine muscle-making exercise for business men. And

the first time you hit yourself over the thumbnail you will find that it will teach you dancing and a fine flow of language as well.

An American millionaire has been detained for twenty-four days in prison in Brussels as a vagrant.



And Sir David Gill, with diagrams, will prove to you that he's discovered that we're whizzing with incredible velocity To the distant constellation which is known as Hercules. So it's, Take your tickets, please, For the very latest wheeze— The trip through empty ether to the star of Hercules. Wrap your rugs about your knees, As it's pretty sure to freeze As we cross the silent spaces on the way to Hercules!



What is all this fuss about copyright for those pampered persons called authors? In a few years' time they will have to work for eight hours a day under the eye of a Government inspector at the regulation eight shillings a day. And they should remember that the typing out of their stuff is the only part of the job which can rightly be called work.

Algeria is going to breed large-sized cocks, to be utilised as draught animals like the dogs in Belgium. Without wishing to discourage enterprise, it may be pointed out that motor traction is more modern, and, as far as can be judged, more powerful.

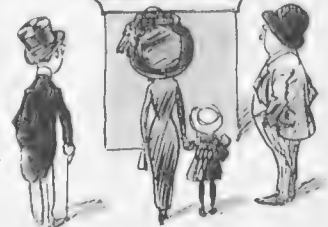
It is entirely owing to the prehistoric Cave Woman that the Little Girl of to-day is able to wear the pneumonia blouse and open-worked stockings in all the rigours of spring-time, for the draughtiness of caves caused the Cave Woman to grow a special

layer of fat all over the body. Grateful hosiers ought to erect a monument to the C.W. We want a new statue to grumble at.

"Top hats of 1880 are to be fashionable for the Coronation season," says one of our mentors on dress. Surely these old hats will want a lot of ironing if they are to look even passable!

Barons can get an electro-gilt coronet for £8, and a velvet and rabbit-ermine robe for £12. Then, with a garden-city Baronial Hall at £100 a year rent, the new three-a-penny Peers will be able to start life cheaply.

The Royal Society of Arts has been worrying about the inventor of the wheel. Probably it was evolved by the first log-roller.



✿ ✿ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✿ ✿



SIXTIES! STRANGE CRAFT OF GREAT LENGTH AND MANY PADDLES
RACING—DURING THE DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.

Of the first of these two illustrations we may give the following details: Every year the Chinese celebrate what is known as the "Dragon Boat Festival," which has its origin in the loss by drowning many centuries ago of a famous patriot, and the periodical searches for his body, which are continued down to this day. But now the Festival simply resolves itself into what may be termed an Oriental Henley—a big boat-race between picked rival crews, who go into serious training for the yearly event. On a recent occasion, three crews of sixty paddle-men each entered. The race was most keenly contested. The first strokes of the race were made to time supplied by gongs and drums. As the race drew to a finish scenes of the greatest excitement prevailed. From the native craft all along the course the hoarse and long-drawn cries of partisans filled the air, and the rapid beating of drums and gongs added to the din.—[Photograph by Barratt.]



EVEN MORE AGILE THAN THE MOST PRIMITIVE OF MEN: A
MONKEY JUMPING FROM TREE TO TREE IN INDIA.



THE MAN WHO MADE "QUO VADIS" POSSIBLE
IN PHILADELPHIA: MR. WALTER WHEELER AS
URSUS.



"URSUS" AS RANCHMAN:
MR. WALTER WHEELER, WHO
PLAYED IN "QUO VADIS."



THE HUMAN DIABOLO: Mlle. RENÉE FURIE IN
HER "BOBBIN" FOR HER REMARKABLE AND
DARING CIRCUS ACT.

Mr. Walter Wheeler, well known in American society, turned grand opera star for a spell recently. The story is as follows: "Mr. Wheeler's most impressive attribute is his size—he is simply colossal. When 'Quo Vadis' was to be put on at the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia, no one could be found big enough to fill the rôle of Ursus, whose business it is to rescue maidens from bulls in the arena, break the backs of gladiators, and throw Roman chieftains around like chips of wood. In this dilemma the promoters of grand opera appealed to Mr. Walter Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler is wealthy and a man of luxurious leisure. He resides, when in town, at the exclusive Racquet Club. He shook his head at first, but the appeal to his civic pride won him. He wanted to see the opera season a success in Philadelphia, and so he came out of his seclusion and electrified the opera-goers with his tremendous stage presence. It is all over now, and he is about to retire for several months to his ranch near the Yellowstone Park."—Of Mlle. Furie's performance it should be said that, encased in a diabolo, she rolls down a double rail which curves upwards at the lower end. Thus she rises in the air, to fall into a net.—[Photographs by P.-J. Press Bureau and Delius.]



A TRAVELLING BLACKSMITH'S SHOP: SHOEING FIRE-HORSES
IN NEW YORK.



MUSIC IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS: A CONCERT HELD
IN A LIONS' CAGE.

The first photograph shows the working of a new fire-station convenience in New York—a travelling blacksmith's shop, which visits all the stations in turn, that horses may be shod expeditiously. The contrivance is here shown at work in Twenty-fifth Street, near Third Avenue. The second photograph illustrates a concert given in a lions' cage some while ago by some members of a choral society of Durlach, near Carlsruhe.—[Photographs by P.-J. Press Bureau and Delius.]



**"Cousin Kate," and
"The Terrorist."**

The crop of Easter plays has been thicker than usual. Of the comparatively minor events the revival of "Cousin Kate," at the Playhouse, was the most prominent. Here Miss Ellis Jeffreys was once more the delightful cousin, and practically the whole original cast supported Mr. Cyril Maude in this most pleasant revival. Then there was Mr. Laurence Irving in a curtain-raiser of his own, "The Terrorist," showing how wonderfully he can imitate the nervous panic of a brave officer who hears that assassins have condemned him to death. It was an effective little play when you surmounted the fundamental improbability of a young female assassin consenting to sit down and talk the matter over instead of firing at once.

**"A Midsummer
Night's Dream."**

Of the larger events, the first to come was Sir Herbert Tree's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which really was in many ways worthy of its name. Here were no solid fairies, but real elfs dancing in the moonlight, under the guidance of Miss Loie Fuller, who has discovered the secret of putting dancing fairies upon the stage; and the scenery was restful and dim and beautiful, as it ought to be. The whole thing is pageant rather than play, and in this year of pageants that is exactly what is required. The play part—the complications between the lovers in the wood—was not so entirely satisfying, though Mr. Basil Gill as the Lysander was good, and Miss Evelyn d'Alroy played gracefully and sang sweetly as Oberon; but the burlesque players, led by Mr. Bourchier as Bottom, after some halting in their humours, entered fully into the spirit of the thing, and made the performance before the Duke, in the last act, one of the best things of the evening.

**"A Butterfly on
the Wheel."**

Then, by way of a change, there came Mr. Hemmerde's and Mr. Neilson's legal play, "A Butterfly on the Wheel": not soaring very high, perhaps, as a play, but containing a most accurate and effective picture of an exceptionally interesting afternoon in the Divorce Court. Its defects were the natural defects of a play of incident written round, and for the purposes of, one scene. The young wife had to be made preternaturally foolish, the lover preternaturally bad, for the purpose of building up evidence to support the searching cross-examination conducted with an excellently legal air by Mr. Norman McKinnel; and there was some business with a wicked woman and an anonymous letter which showed how difficult it is for playwrights who have woven a tangled web to get things straight again. Mr. Hemmerde should clearly know how a divorce petition is managed, and he did not disappoint us. Mr. McKinnel played the great K.C. to the life; and my only fear is that the scene is too realistic and sternly non-theatrical to hold the interest of a non-legal audience to the end. Mr. Lewis Waller, as the lover, played with as much gentlemanly feeling as the part allowed; and Miss Madge Titheradge showed real power as the foolish little wife.

**"Fanny's First
Play."**

Mr. Shaw's latest little joke is one to which a short paragraph could never do justice. He has made a gallant attempt to make criticism of it impossible by carrying the war into the critics' camp, and stating in advance what he expects them all to say. This part of the joke, which made it necessary that no author's name should be on the programme, was moderately funny, but will only be understood by the few who know the names of the authors of the criticisms they read. But the play itself was a perfect model of the Shaw play. It was as fantastic and unexpected as ever, and there was not too much conversation; and though what there is complained of by some as dull, I never found it so. In truth, there seemed to me to be everything in exactly the proper measure. There was the usual attack upon conventions and sham religion and sham morality. There was more than the usual deference to a real religion and a real morality, which Mr. Shaw would set up in their place, vague, perhaps; in their outlines, but strangely beautiful in their conception, and compelling thought. And there were variations of the familiar Shaw people: the earnest non-conventional girl, the cheeky child, and even the deferential and well-connected man-servant—these latter funnier, if possible, than usual, and all inimitable creations of a brain that has not its equal among those who write for the stage. And the acting was all perfect. Miss Lillah McCarthy shone; so did Miss Dorothy Minto; so did Mr. H. K. Aylliffe; and so did everybody.



James Hogg (Mr. George Barrett).

**JAMES HOGG IN TRAINING: HE HAS DIFFICULTIES
WITH THE BAR-BELLS.**



**JAMES HOGG ON THE ROWING-MACHINE—NOT
"ONE OF THE SINS OF SOCIETY."**

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.



**IN "THE SINS OF SOCIETY," AT DRURY LANE:
THE STRENUOUS HOGG IS COOLED.**

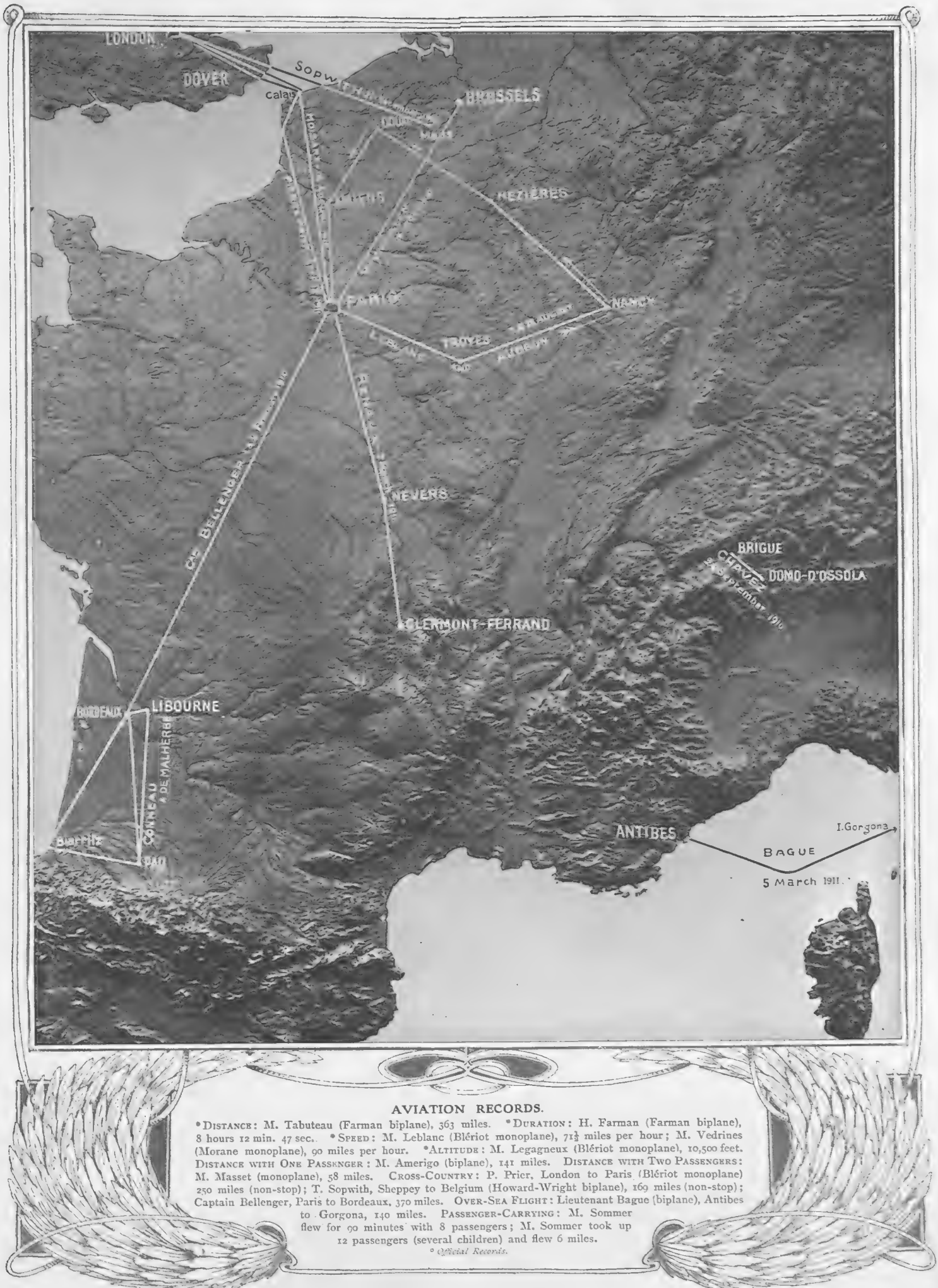
"Kismet."

"Kismet," at the Garrick, is, as a picture of the East, a wonderful thing. And such a series of beautiful stage pictures has surely never been seen before. For a time, indeed, it is all stage picture, a succession of marvellous effects of lighting, of colouring, of Eastern dancers, of quaint and varied costumes, of moving, living, chattering crowds. But after a time there is also a story—a violent, hot-headed story of

Eastern rage and love; of a Caliph and a beggar's daughter, and a blood feud, and a murderous plot; and there is a genuine character-sketch by Mr. Oscar Asche, a study of a beggar who is a cunning fellow, and a fascinating rascal who really lives. And the beauty of Miss Lily Brayton is the beauty of a perfect picture; and "Kismet" is beyond doubt one of the plays which will show our Coronation visitors what our stage artists when challenged can really do.

"Better not Enquire." And finally there is Mr. Hawtrey, once more in an adaptation from the French—"Les Deux Écoles," translated into "Better Not Enquire," by Miss Gladys Unger, and defying once again the rule that there are some things which cannot be adapted. I am afraid that that brilliant little comedy is one of them; but at any rate Mr. Hawtrey is very funny, and those to whom the original was never known will find much enjoyment in this heroic attempt to anglicise its wit.

AS THE HUMAN CROW FLIES: GREAT AIR-JOURNEYS.



AEROGRAPHY: M. PRIER'S LONDON TO PARIS ROUTE, AND THOSE OF OTHER FAR FLYERS.

Our map, which belongs to what might be called the new science of aerography, represents some of the chief long-distance cross-country aeroplane flights hitherto made, including that of M. Pierre Prier's great non-stop air-voyage from London to Paris. He left Hendon at 1.37 p.m., and arrived at Issy-les-Moulineaux at 5.45, thus accomplishing the journey of about 250 miles in a little over four hours. He passed above Dover at a height of about 3000 feet, and did the actual cross-Channel passage of twenty-five miles in just under half-an-hour. With regard to some of the other flights shown on the map, it will be remembered that Mr. Sopwith flew from Sheppey to Beaumont, near Mons, in Belgium, on December 21 last, a distance of about 169 miles; M. Eugène Renaux, with a passenger, flew from Paris to the Puy-de-Dôme with one stop; Captain Bellefleur flew from Paris to Bordeaux (about 350 miles) in a single day; Lieutenant Bague, on March 5 last, flew over the Gulf of Genoa from Antibes to the Isle of Gorgona (140 miles) in an attempt to reach Corsica; and Georges Chavez, last September, made his great flight across the Alps which had such a disastrous termination.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE clubs are already preparing to bear their full share of the stress of the coming season. With the arrival of the hordes of June, the *chefs* and balconies of St. James's Street will groan in unison. White's, Arthur's, Brooks', and Boodle's—these are but a few of the institutions with windows that look sidelong towards St. James's Palace, and with staffs who bear the fatigues of great occasions with excellent good-humour. The more modern institutions of Piccadilly are not, perhaps, waited upon with equal magnanimity; but let any peremptory guest from the counties or the Colonies study Mr. Ralph Nevill's anecdotes of club servants before he scolds in the heat of Coronation Day. Let him read of Shand, the Scots porter at the Turf, who refrained from forwarding a packet of photographs to a member abroad because his wife was travelling with him; and of many another liveried sage. Even the page-boy may be a keen observer of humanity, like one engaged in Pall Mall, since the appearance of Mr. Nevill's volume. He lost his previous situation because, in obedience only to his own inquiring mind, he rang up Colney Hatch by telephone and asked to speak with the chief lunatic! The Marlborough Club has its own special tremors of excitement at the approach of the Coronation, for it

The Date Famine.

The Countess of Clancarty's dance, fixed for April 27, has been postponed till June, and Viscountess Massereene has changed the date of hers at 29, Pont Street, from May 30 to June 9, "a day which at the moment seems likely to be less crowded." The phrase is suggestive of perplexities. Seldom has the making of social fixtures been so dreadfully like musical chairs; the exciting game is to appropriate dates, of which there are just too few, before your neighbour. "We were just in the nick of time," boasted an intending hostess the other day to her admiring family. "And will have an Old Nick of a time," commented its most juvenile member.

Ceramics and Lord K. of K.

Lord Kitchener is not so old that he can buy a house without a certain clattering of tongues; but the lady to whom he explained at a certain dinner-party the other night the advantages of Broome Park is more or less satisfied that he means to lodge his collections of china, and not a wife, there. The gallant soldier has a way, however, of sheltering himself behind his ceramics, and encouraging the legend of his indifference to womenfolk by dwelling on his passion for bowls and plates. At a banquet in China, it is said, dancing-girls came, according to



CAPTAIN THE HON. ALGERNON H. STRUTT, AND THE HON. EVA BRUCE, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE ON THE 26TH.
Captain Strutt is the only son of Lord Belper. He is in the 2nd Life Guards. Miss Bruce is the second daughter of Lord Aberdare.—[Photographs by Lafayette and Val l'Estrange.]



MISS RITA LONGFIELD AND CAPTAIN THE HON. MYLES PONSONBY, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Longfield is the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Longfield, of Castle Mary. Captain Cyril Myles Brabazon Ponsonby, M.V.O., of the Grenadier Guards, is the second son of the Earl of Bessborough.—[Photographs by Rita Martin and Poole.]

owes its very existence to King George's father. It was mainly the prejudice against smoking in the drawing-room of White's that led Edward VII. to assist in the formation of a club less rigorously conservative. Even the Athenæum, they say, is roused to consciousness of the events of June. Learned members have been heard discussing among themselves the advisability of discovering if the Coronation procession passes their windows. News travels slowly in those chambers. Their atmosphere is delightfully suggested in Mr. J. M. Barrie's account of his first day as a member. An old man was wandering in a lonely way about the hall. "I asked him," relates the author, "the way to the smoking-room. He told me with alacrity, and then asked me to do him the honour of dining with him. 'But, my dear Sir, I cannot think of imposing myself upon you in that way.' 'Imposing yourself!' he answered eagerly. 'On the contrary, you will be doing me the greatest favour in the world. The fact is, I have belonged to this club for thirty years, and you are the first member who has spoken to me.'"



MISS AGNES DE VAHL AND MR. H. H. D'AETH, WHO ARE TO MARRY ON THE 26TH.

Miss de Vahl is the eldest daughter of Mr. A. D. S. de Vahl, of 97, Lancaster Gate, and Hove. Mr. D'Aeth is a son of the late Mr. N. H. D'Aeth, J.P., D.L., of Knowlton Court, Wingham, Kent, the seat of the D'Aeths since the 16th century.—[Photographs by Val l'Estrange and Swaine.]

custom, into the room for a certain time. When they withdrew, "K." who had seemingly been indifferent to their presence, asked that one of them might return till the end of the meal: "I like to watch her," he explained; "she reminds me of a figure on a vase." If ever Broome Park has a mistress she will presumably be, like Meredith's heroine, "a dainty rogue in porcelain."

Years and Hours. Broome Park, by the way, was described as "a noble old mansion" over a hundred years ago. How much older it will be when its new tenant has done with it is difficult to surmise; but he will probably see it into its fourth century. Like his house, he ages slowly. Sixty-one in Coronation week, Lord Kitchener is still regarded as a boy by the wonderful aunt, Mrs. Bampton, who was at home to her friends in Cannes only the other week, and reminding them that she is ninety-three. Lord Kitchener believes that four hours' sleep suffice for—Lord Kitchener. That he does not force the recipe inconveniently upon others is proof that he still finds himself fitter than most men with a pet nostrum.



MISS LILIAN ISOLDA VEREKER AND THE REV. LIONEL S. LEWIS, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED ON THE 26TH.

Miss Vereker is a daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Foley C. P. Vereker, R.N., and Mrs. Vereker, of Hawkrigge, Haywards Heath. Mr. Lewis is Vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, where the ceremony is to take place. The reception will be held at 15, Grosvenor Gardens, by Eleanor Viscountess Gort, aunt of the bride.

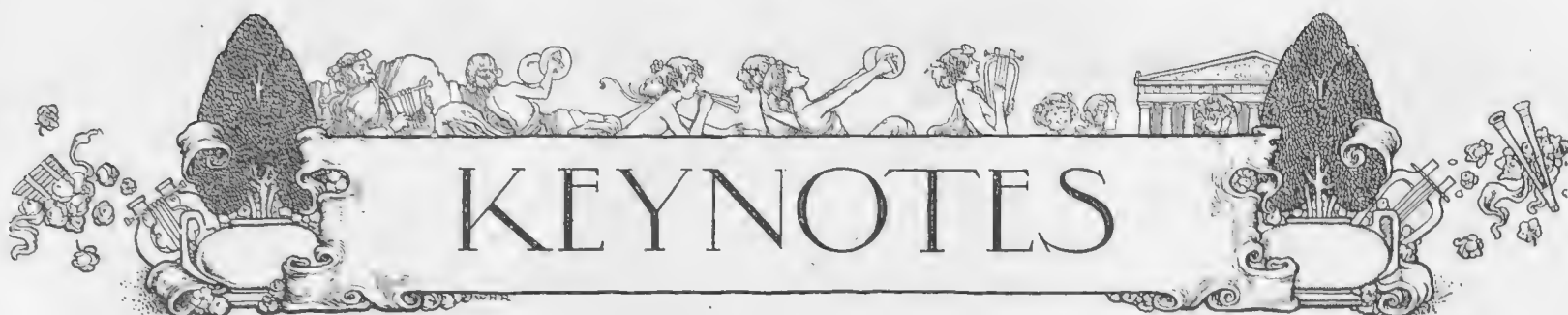
[Photographs by Swaine.]

ABOUT THE QUEEN'S PERSON: A FAIR MAID-OF-HONOUR.



FAVOURED AT COURT: THE HON. SYBIL BRODRICK.

Miss Brodrick is one of the Queen's Maids-of-Honour, one of the favoured—and fair—young ladies whose pleasing duty it is to be about her Majesty's person at times of ceremony more especially. She is the second of Viscount Midleton's four daughters by his first marriage—to Lady Hilda Charteris, daughter of the eighth Earl of Wemyss and March, who died in 1901. She has one brother, the Hon. George Brodrick, and one step-brother, born in February of last year. Her eldest sister is Lady Tweedmouth.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



KEYNOTES

FROM time to time the music-lover who is sufficiently close to modern developments to gather something of their colour or direction may well pause to take note of tendencies that are of more than passing significance. The onlooker who is fairly well informed, who has neither axe to grind nor authority to placate, may speak his mind fearlessly, and need not hesitate because outspoken utterance may give offence.

Competition in the musical world is notoriously keen, and would seem to be on the increase; many musical organisations are face to face with difficulties, because the number of amateurs with money is limited, and concert-halls are hard to fill. Without the attraction of something specially sensational or new it is hard to find many people who will spend seven shillings and sixpence, or half-a-sovereign, for two hours' tenancy of a more or less comfortable chair in a bare hall. If the prices began at sixpence and ended at four shillings, it might be easy enough to fill a concert-room, however large; but the directors of orchestras would rather fill half the house at the higher prices, and give the other seats away, than lower prices all round and dispose of every seat in the building. They may be right, although at first sight, and to the plain man, such procedure savours of foolishness. It may be that they see the steady growth of an audience at the advanced prices, and hope, in the course of time, to turn the deadhead into a paying member of the audience or an absentee; but while the brighter and more profitable days are dawning, some of the organisations are reduced to devices that add nothing to their own dignity and contribute nothing to musical progress.

We are face to face to-day with a condition that is distinctly unhealthy; the prizes of the profession are being bought and sold. There are concerts given throughout the year by well-known musical associations, that can, if necessary, be named, at which a certain number of the soloists engaged, and sometimes the conductors, do not receive a fee—they pay one. For the sake of the *réclame*, in the hope that it will avail to bring them further into public notice and enable them to command profitable engagements in future, they pay as much to be associated prominently with a big concert as they would lay out upon the expenses of a recital at one of the smaller halls. The men and women who figure so prominently have "good gifts," not only artistically, but in the euphemistic sense that the phrase enjoys in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor." The better soloist, who lacks the saving grace of a good banking account, must remain without, and suffer neglect for his careless choice of parents.

That diplomacy should enter into the conduct of big musical organisations is at once justifiable and inevitable. New work of moderate merit must be subsidised; you cannot expect the directors

of a concern run on business lines to face the heavy expenses of rehearsal. It is necessary to put down money to obtain a hearing, and this necessity is recognised by one and all. But for private assistance much of the modern work we have heard, generally once and no more, would not have been given: whether this would have been a serious loss to the world at large is a matter that does not call for discussion here.

On the other hand, the interpretation of great concerti and solo work generally is supposed to be entrusted to the best available artist, without any considerations other than those that relate directly to the public interest. They are supposed to be men and women who earn and receive a fee commensurate with their capacity, with the long years of their labour, their experience, and the public recognition of their gifts. It is disconcerting to find

that these conditions do not always obtain: that many soloists are required to pay a substantial fee for the privilege of entertaining us, and that those who cannot afford to pay are bound to be overlooked, unless they have the world-wide reputation that is not required from those whose big cheques are safe to be honoured on presentation. For a while such a condition may exist without special detriment to musical interests, but it is quite clear that it cannot continue for long without a serious set-back to the progress of the past few years.

Those of us who are regularly in the concert-halls would not find much difficulty in giving names to confirm these statements, even though the matter were not one of common discussion in the more intimate musical

circles; and the danger is that under present conditions the evil will tend to spread. Ambition frequently outruns capacity, and the worship of technical achievement grows greater every day, while the true interpretative faculty tends to suffer from lack of adequate recognition.

Here is a danger against which it is necessary to protest, mildly at first, as at present, and later on, if necessary, with some of the mass of specific details that are the foundation of the present article. Those who stand outside the arena in which so many forces are striving to maintain their claims to fitness for the purpose of survival can see dangerous tendencies that others are too close to notice or to estimate at their proper value. It is not a grateful or a pleasant task to call attention to this rather sordid side of the development of a noble art; but the truth must be told, for if a tendency is distinctly bad for music, some effort must be made to suppress it. Publicity is the most powerful remedy, perhaps the only one. If we are to hear soloists who are treating big concerts as a paid advertisement, we have at least the right to know it, to understand that one of the outstanding merits of the soloist is the power to pay for acceptance.

COMMON CHORD.



THE SEVEN SPOUSES OF BLUEBEARD: MISS GERALDINE FARRAR AS ARIANE, AND THE REST OF "BARBE BLEUE'S" WIVES, IN MAETERLINCK'S "ARIANE ET BARBE BLEUE," AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

"Ariane et Barbe Bleue" is one of the two "small dramas" written by M. Maeterlinck in 1899. The other is "*Sœur Béatrice*."—[Photograph by White.]

Terrors of the Tee: Golf Pests.



I.—THE PLUS PERSON.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

PINT - ED ARGUMENTS.



THE PARSON: And what impressed you most in the conditions of the German worker as compared with the English?

THE WORKMAN (lately one of a political touring party to Germany): W'll I d'no—I didn't think such a powerful lot o' their beer, an' chance it!



'ARRY: D'fear 'ow I done that sawny kipper down a bit uv a argyment up The Crown? Y'see, 'e was stickin' up for them dirty foreigners' ideas o' fair, an' just as 'e's in the middle uv it I shouts out, "Look at yer beer." 'Course, round goes 'is 'ead; then I fetches 'im such a bliff over the ear-'ole. 'Eavens! I could 'ear the blessed barful fairly roarin' 'as I 'opped round the corner.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

TIME — THE HEELER !



THE CUSTOMER: I think these Louis XV. heels are too high. Give me a size smaller, please—or perhaps Louis XIII. even would be high enough.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



TWO STATESMEN IN THE MAKING.*

"JOHN VERNEY" is essentially a book about men by a man. It is true that one feminine enchantment pervades the atmosphere, but Sheila Desmond, slim, gay, and boyish, is there only to help men towards the deepest expression of their natures. And there are still among us those who rightly hold no better *raison d'être* for women's existence, unless it be the mending of their men-folk's socks.

Mr. Vachell presents two very suggestively contrasted men on the road to political place and power. They had both belonged to a Harrow group which was held together in maturer life by the memory of a dead school-mate. Cæsar Desmond already lay in the graveyard outside Ladysmith. And when his father, the suave, genial Cabinet Minister, spoke to his secretary as "Jonathan," John Verney responded with the knowledge that his chief's thoughts were of Cæsar, of Cæsar's love for John, and of John's grief for him. Among the others whom Charles Desmond delighted to honour—"Fluff," heir to a Dukedom, and "the Caterpillar," and "the Duffer"—one was never seen, yet the most notable. Scaife, whom Harrow had known as "the Demon," aroused fear and distrust in the average schoolboy mind. He was not quite straight nor quite a sportsman. He cheated and "snagged." He was infinitely capable and dazzlingly rich. In his rooms in Dover Street there hung a rhadamanthine portrait of his father, "a burly, broad-shouldered, heavy-jawed, rhadamanthine autocrat, painted by Sargent. . . . Potential violence glowered in deeply set eyes; his reputation as a 'pincher,' an employer who boasted that he scrapped worn-out machinery and weak men, was exhibited by a pair of thick, tightly compressed lips. Here was a getter who had given nothing away. The grandfather had been a navy.

"As a dashing squadron leader in 'Scaife's Horse,' young Scaife had covered himself with glory in the Boer War. . . . He presented a park to Samarkand, the Midland town which the elder Scaife built and owned, also a library, a school of art, and a magnificent swimming-bath." By this supreme appeal to the multitude, and by the possession of newspapers, he loomed large on the political horizon, and wishing to "get at" Charles Desmond, did so through his former schoolmate. John was poor, wishful also for political importance, and Scaife knew how to help him. Would Mr. Desmond, who so interested himself in his secretary, put this to him? And presently, John Verney, fastidiously and intellectually honest, found himself floated into Parliament on the shoulders of a man whom he profoundly distrusted.

Mr. Vachell proceeds to give a brilliant résumé of party politics, party principles, and party leaders. Though the problems discussed be burning and familiar ones, the politicians are not numbered for reference to a key. Rather as the artist may seize a line-harmony from a wave or the colour-scheme of a flower without reproducing wave or flower in his design, so Mr. Vachell fills in the complicated nuances of the political world, and leaves its individual portraits out of his picture. Perhaps Arnold Grandcourt, whose appointment to the Cabinet dished the great Liberal party (it was known as

Radical ever after by the class to which Grandcourt belonged, and which he abandoned); and Ezra Kitteredge, of the beaming smile and vitriolic tongue, are sly exceptions.

Mr. Vachell and John Verney are frankly on the side of the angels and the aristocracy. "I believe," says John, "that the average squire throughout the kingdom makes unpublished sacrifices for his tenants that they will not appreciate till they have lost them. English gentlemen don't brag about such things as remitted rents and clothing and coal-funds. The best work is done by the best men in silence." John must have been the despair of his election agents. "Pitch it stronger," said one to him during the New Forest fight. "Promise 'em plenty of milk and honey. You lost a lot of votes by insisting that thriftlessness is the curse of the English labourer."

"Isn't it?"

"Of course it is. But sticking your thumb hard upon the soft spot of a baby's head won't make it stop howling."

"You believe in soothing-syrup?"

"For the howling babies, yes. They are babies. Argument is wasted on 'em."

And when John, having jumped off Scaife's powerful shoulders to stand on his own feet, contested the London borough in the Duke of Trent's interest, the great Mr. Bott declared: "We must tickle their palates. Ezra Kitteredge is going to gorge them next Friday." He glanced at John, who "wondered whether Mr. Bott would make impossible demands upon him as a caterer for coarse appetites. 'Hot stuff,' Mr. Bott added persuasively. 'I'm a cold-water man!' explained John mildly. 'I shall endeavour to pour freezing facts upon the red-hot misstatements which Kitteredge is temperamentally unable to avoid making.'"

In a delightful scene we are permitted to sample some very "hot stuff" administered by Kitteredge; and John's triumphant use of cold water, as he poured his facts nonchalantly over an audience boiling with the iniquity of Dukes, is irresistibly funny. John not only knew about Dukes; he knew them. The Duke of Trent "owned vast estates in three counties, and some acres in the heart of

London. John knew also how faithfully this trust was administered, and he remembered Fluff's words, spoken at Whiteladies: 'It's no joke to be born a Duke. Mother says that father is the overworked land-agent of the Trent property.' John, glancing at him, was struck by a ducal solidity of appearance. There was something of the mountain about this great feudal landlord, and he was regarded as such by the Radicals who had faith that they might remove him."

As for Scaife, he rode on a wave of success—a wave cleverly engineered by himself. Samarkand—absolutely safe Samarkand—he resigned to Grandcourt, for that gentleman lost his seat when promoted to Cabinet rank. He bought Charles Desmond over to the new Progressive party of Smashers; took an Under-Secretaryship as earnest of the Premiership; and got his dismissal from Charles Desmond's daughter, who was proud, and more critical of methods than quite befits a woman. Thus John came into his own as lover, though as statesman, the gods—which is to say, the men in the street who vote—were for the moment against him.



THE MODERN YOUTH: "HOLD MY HORSE, PLEASE, WHILE I POP IN AND SEE THE PICTURES."

(An Exhibition of Mr. Lawson Wood's Humorous and other Water-Colours is being held at Walker's Gallery, 118, New Bond Street.)

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

* "John Verney." By Horace Annesley Vachell. (John Murray. 6s.)

RILE ACADEMICIANS! THE GREAT UNWANTED.



THE ARTISTS' UNHAPPIEST MOMENTS: REJECTION DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



LA POMPADOUR.

By CHARLES DAWBARN AND HERBERT DE BEER.

A MISERABLE, wet evening and the first appearance of a new star in the music-hall firmament had drawn crowds to the Palatina, the splendid new house in the Strand.

The excitement and enthusiasm of the audience were manifest at once—you felt the electricity in the air which heralds the big event.

La Pompadour, from the cafés-concerts of the Champs Elysées, had taken Paris by storm, and London was expectant and ready to do her justice, as London, enthusiastic and hospitable, always is.

The *chef d'orchestre* tapped smartly, the musicians responded energetically, and, in a stream of light, to the thunder of applause, she tripped on.

There was something extraordinarily attractive about her dancing; it was like a new vision of life—palpitating, sinuous, and sensuous. It was grace and beauty itself. London was electrified, blasé as London has long been, satiated with dancing.

Two young men in the stalls followed her every movement with all the artist's appreciation of the beautiful.

Cecil Brown had his sketch-book with him, but he sketched not—he sat fascinated. "She is splendid," said Edward Raleigh to his friend, but Brown only stared. He had intended drawing her for the "Popular People" series, but after the seventh recall, when the smiling face was hidden by the reluctant curtain, Cecil Brown still sat enraptured. Raleigh's nudge awakened him to a perception of realities; his pencil had not sketched a line, but every movement of the lissom body, every expression of the beautiful face had sunk into his mind.

Next morning his impressions seemed to him even more intense. "Why, you can feel the swish of her skirts and the wind in her hair," said Raleigh, as he looked at his friend's work, over the table in their common studio in West Kensington.

Brown bent his head as if to do homage to his avocation. "My inspiration, my very goddess," he said slowly, with reverence.

"That's rather strong, is it not, for a man on the verge of matrimony?" said Raleigh. He said it laughingly, quite in fun, but Cecil was in a serious mood. He seemed to note rebuke in the elder man's remark, and did not like it. "You presume on the best-man principle," he said.

Raleigh continued his banter, unheeding: "Yes, my boy, the best man has responsibilities, and I have to deliver you safe and sound at the end of the month."

"You need not rub it in; I am not likely to forget"—but Cecil's tone was not reassuring.

As a matter of fact it was a match about which neither Raleigh, his friends, nor, perhaps, even Brown himself felt particularly elated.

It had come about, arranged in some mysterious way by an elderly aunt, the bride's foster-mother. Brown was younger than his fiancée. He was twenty-seven, she had turned the corner of thirty some time already. Raleigh had never known quite how it happened, for Brown was a gentleman, and hesitated to suggest, even to a bosom friend, that there was any element of compulsion about it. And yet there must be something; it was hardly possible otherwise. Raleigh had seen Mary's aunt—her only near female relative—and judged, from the thinness and firmness of her mouth, that she was not a person to let slip a good *parti* for her adopted daughter, for Brown was not entirely dependent upon his earnings as a clever artist, and had prospects in addition.

Student days in Paris, and a pension in the Latin Quarter—Yes, that was it—Raleigh remembered now an early confidence of

Brown. The subject had been a red-haired girl he had met continuously for six months or so, in one of those strange caravanserais for artistic pilgrims, in the Rue d'Assas, on the Left Bank. He remembered his chum's description of the little dining-room, with its imitation coloured glass, its salamander which gave you a hot head and cold feet (for the floor was parquet and waxed), and the sea-green pictures on a wall-paper of terrible design, of which, fortunately, there was very little, although the sombre paint of the high wainscoting did not enliven matters. Certainly the carved chairs were known as Henri Deux, but the effect of the whole was rigid Louis Philippe, which extended to the drawing-room, where the styles were difficult to unravel. Tastefulness or originality is not common in the decoration of the "interiors" of the bourgeoisie anywhere.

There was music there after dinner—that awful dinner with leathery beef (not first quality), or raw mutton, or a joint of strange fibre, which had palpably strayed too long in a vain effort to impart sustenance to a weary soup.

Out of that intimacy had grown the proposal, no doubt of it—you can be so lonely in Paris when you don't know anything and hardly anybody—and now Brown was presently to be married. Raleigh did not wonder inwardly that there seemed to be a lack of enthusiasm about it.

Brown's drawing—"speaking in moving accents of red sensation," as a fluent critic described it—and really a triumph of clever impressionism, was an immense success.

Brown, fully conscious of it, insisted upon presenting the original to the dancer herself.

The interview took place at the theatre, and she thanked him frankly, in a delightful mixture of tolerable French and hesitating English, looking him straight in the eyes, as French folk do, which made him blush.

"She is simply lovely," he said, when relating his adventure, and went red again as Raleigh looked at him in turn.

And now events moved rapidly—from unsatisfactory they became menacing. Instead of delightful evening hours with his chum, discussing plans and pictures, Brown went out every night. He could not work, at least at home, though a further masterly sketch of the danseuse, bearing his signature, appeared in another of the illustrated papers. He admitted everything readily to Raleigh, who was getting anxious.

"Yes, I go to see her dance every night; it will be good for my work. She gives me inspiration; I wanted more soul," he explained.

He did not think it necessary to volunteer that his homage was not limited to eye-worship, that he bid fair to ruin himself with the flowers he rained upon the stage, receiving messages of thanks from lustrous dark eyes, and that letters signed "Cecil Brown" awaited her arrival every night in her dressing-room.

Of course Raleigh saw the effect upon his friend—his strange restlessness, his quickness to take umbrage, an increasing desire to absent himself, or, at least, to resent the old comradeship.

Truly, to be Brown's best man promised to be no sinecure, but, so far, Raleigh put down his friend's attitude to a mad infatuation—a mere passing phase.

Still, the day arranged for the marriage was approaching; Mary and her foster-mother would soon be coming to town. Raleigh felt, quite reluctantly, that the bull had to be taken by the horns, and decided to force a serious talk. He got an opportunity after dinner, when Brown, for the first time since his infatuation, again took up

THE WRITING ON THE HAND: CELEBRITIES "READ."



THE STORY OF THE LINES: IV.—THE RIGHT HAND OF MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

"This hand is characterised by its unusual smallness, the very peculiar development of the finger-tips, the strong firm thumb, and the fact that the fingers are of the same length as the palm. The impression produced is one of proportion and exactness. There is little idealism indicated, and none of the excesses to which many successful business men are prone. Everything is viewed from the practical standpoint. The centre line crossing the hand is long and clear and slightly separated from the line encircling the thumb, thus showing strong intellectual faculties, self-reliance, and concentration. The fingers are placed evenly, the first being short and bent, the fourth long and pointed. The former indicates an absence of "side," and the latter, shrewdness, industry, and intuition. The thumb is heavy for the size of the hand and shows a masterful will, good reasoning powers, and, combined with the strong fourth finger, ability to control and influence others. With such a powerful combination the results which have been effected by their strenuous exercise are only those which might logically be expected, the subject creating his opportunities and being the unquestioned arbiter of his own destiny. In a word, this hand shows the practical man devoid of sentiment, whose only weakness is his strength."—Impression and delineation by C. Walter Child.

his drawing-board, only to replace it slowly and deliberately after a few futile strokes.

"What is it, old fellow?" he questioned sympathetically.

"Oh, nothing really. I'm just upset."

"Whatever about?"

"Nothing particular; can't settle down to work."

"Won't you tell me?" said Raleigh, drawing up his chair. "You might just as well, as let me find out."

Brown did not wait for any more, but left the room and the house, and Raleigh saw no more of him for three days.

Raleigh necessarily was troubled. He had more than the ordinary friendly regard for Brown, who had, of course, insisted upon having him as best man, and he had helped with—in fact, practically made—all the arrangements.

He was really anxious. He could not let his friend down, or give him away, neither could he think it right to allow Mary to remain in ignorance until almost the wedding morn, should Brown seriously intend to back out of his engagement.

The difficulty, so far as he was concerned, settled itself, as difficulties mostly will, if allowed. That very afternoon, about six o'clock, Mary and her aunt drove up, deeply concerned at receiving no reply to a letter which was awaiting Brown, and at not having been met.

Almost simultaneously, as Raleigh, who had come down to welcome them, and was debating hurriedly which lie he ought to tell, or whether a lie were really better than the truth, Brown himself arrived.

Certainly he did look tired and pale and careworn, so that his first excuse carried. He had been rather ill, had stayed with his sister, and had had no letters—"So sorry." Mary was more than sorry, she was concerned. He received her, and heard her questions, in a dazed, hopeless sort of way, smiling a sorrowful little smile, and manifestly ill at ease.

"I must speak to your aunt, just for a few minutes," he said at last, lifting his eyebrows to Raleigh, who led the wondering and now somewhat suspecting Mary into the next room.

The interview was rather long, and such disjointed phrases as "really ill," "marriage," "postponement," "impossible," which filtered through the door, kept Raleigh on tenterhooks and Mary in tears. This was just as well, as she never thought of questioning him. When, eventually, the aunt opened the door, looking more hard-featured than ever, it was easy to guess that she had been laying down the law.

"Cecil has not been quite well," she said, looking hard at him, "and he thought it would be better to change the date; but, happily, he sees the inconvenience, not to say the impossibility, of that, so that unless it should prove a serious illness, the arrangements will be carried out."

Raleigh could not help looking at Mary, whose face was showing signals of distress. "Beastly rough on her," he reflected. Cecil seemed to understand, for he went up to her, kindly comforting her, and proposed they should all go out to dinner.

He felt her pleasure at seeing him, her genuine concern for his health; it made him feel better and a miserable worm at the same time. Then, when Raleigh engineered a tête-à-tête, he told her of his madness. Would she still have him? Had he forfeited her esteem, her love? Mary sympathised with him and praised his frankness.

She was bewitching in her own way, as red-haired women can be, with all that power of attraction, an extraordinary magnetism, which can make them irresistible and is thought uncanny by those who do not understand these things.

She won his confidence quietly and without seeming effort. Of course, she was a woman; a girl might have estranged him, would probably have done so, by thinking of herself and his readiness to forget her. Mary did not. At thirty-three one has learnt when to place self intentionally in the background, and, of course, her stake was the larger; but she really loved him—he had been kind to her always. That was not to be forgotten.

The night before the wedding the two men sat long over the fire—Raleigh watchful and attentive, Brown moody and subdued. Men about to embark upon the unknown matrimonial sea are not always hilarious. Brown was not. He was thinking hard. "What would you have done if I had not turned up the night they arrived?" he asked.

"I knew you would not be a cad."

"What do you mean?"

"That you would not jilt Mary at the last minute. It's not a gentlemanly trick."

Brown winced. "Why have you faith in me? How can she?" He jumped up and went to his room.

Raleigh went on smoking, wishing the morrow were over.

"My God, I can't, I can't, it's not possible!" Clad in pyjamas, his hair untidy, white as a ghost, Brown came back into the room.

Raleigh administered a stiff brandy-and-water, and spoke sympathetically. "You'll be all right in the morning. Pull yourself together."

"I tried not to," said Brown; "but I can't help thinking of La Pompadour. I love her."

"So do we all," ventured Raleigh; "but we don't want to marry her. You can't think you're the only one."

Brown winced again; he was really most unhappy, but not quite deaf to reason now, and after another drink, Raleigh practically put him to bed.

The wedding was a quiet affair. To Raleigh the service seemed rather a mockery; but there was nothing in Brown's demeanour to denote his inward sufferings, whilst Mary had the "brave little woman" look that excites compassion.

"There would have been no wedding to-day if she had had her way," said Raleigh to himself.

They stayed in Switzerland until hotels bored them, the meals appeared to get worse, and even the Teutonic tourist failed to amuse; also until Mary concluded that La Pompadour had become nothing more harmful than a recollection.

Brown's letters showed that he had regained all his own gaiety, and when they stepped from the train at Charing Cross, Raleigh saw that he was radiant, and Mary too. Evidently, he thought, the "cure" of troubled hearts may be added to the attractions of Helvetia.

In Chelsea they had found and rented the very little house they wanted. The furnishing had been a pleasure. Had they not had the experiences of pensions, in what not to buy? Raleigh was a frequent guest. The two men took up their work together again and sketched many things and people, even in the halls. Raleigh marvelled inwardly at his friend's matrimonial perfection, and the unexpected and happy ending to the entanglement. He was glad Brown had forgotten, and said nothing.

But Brown had not, and one fateful afternoon as they turned into Piccadilly, a string of human derelicts known as sandwichmen met them. Brown sighted the posters instantly. He stopped dead, and lost colour. La Pompadour was back in London. "I must see her again," he urged, "just once; you must come, too."

"Nonsense, old man; leave well alone! Why probe old wounds? Let's take Mary to the opera."

But Brown was tenacious, so that eventually Mary received a mendacious message, and they took seats in the first row of the stalls.

When she appeared Raleigh realised the danger ahead. She recognised Brown and smiled—she really was lovely. Brown did not take his eyes from her, he did not seem to breathe.

Then all the old infatuation returned. Mary was neglected, forgotten; she knew what had happened. She had learned patience before; besides, Cecil was more sensible now. He loved her really; they got on splendidly. She could wait. It could not last long. Still, the trial was hard, and the new madness showed no signs of abatement.

Every night he occupied the same seat, every night he threw her bouquets, every night she received letters of passionate love, abject devotion, unfailing servitude.

One afternoon before Christmas Mary was trying to read by the failing light of day and the flickering fire. The room was cosy and bright. An old green tapestry really took her attention. The quaint avenues, castles, and birds were most reposeful; you could live with them without annoyance. Behind it was the studio where Cecil should be working. Sometimes she could hear him. Was he going out again?

She did not notice a ring, and the maid bringing in a card quite startled her. Yes, she was "at home"—then she read the name of her visitor, "La Pompadour." She jumped up, a flood of reproaches surging through her brain. This woman was stealing her husband—how could she come to see her! What monstrous cheek! Was she going to gloat over her? What villainy was at work?

Without the slightest hesitation or shyness La Pompadour walked up to her, and Mary never had a chance to begin her recriminations.

The language was fluent broken English, the accent was delightful, the timbre full, no shouting, no whispering.

"Why do you not keep your husband—Mr. Brown, he annoys me. I do not want him. Every day he comes—every day he sends me flowers, beautiful flowers; I like flowers, but he is *inconvenant*. He sends presents, every day he sends letters. I do not want them. I do not want him; keep them yourself, and tell your husband I give them all to you."

She gave a stately little bow, smiled pleasantly, showing the whiteness and evenness of her teeth, placed a bundle in Mary's hands, and was gone.

Brown had heard every word; he was not listening, but the clear voice carried. He had recognised it instantly.

He would rather not have heard. He felt crestfallen; it was mean to be let down like that to one's wife. His wife, yes, she had all his letters; what would she do? He would see her at once, and he walked round the tapestry curtain. The fire seemed to be burning brighter than usual, his wife on her knees on the hearthrug. She turned her head and looked up at him, smiling, as he came near, wondering, anxious.

"Don't they make a blaze?" she said, taking one hand; the other was manipulating the tongs. And Cecil kissed the smooth white neck, where the little curls always would run wild.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Girls and Golf. Come Friday and there is to be another battle between the sexes at golf, reminiscent of the game between Miss Cecilia Leitch and Mr. Harold Hilton last autumn; but this time it is to be a match between teams with about a dozen players in each, and not between two individuals only. The scene of this brave encounter will be that grand park course at Stoke Poges which has established itself in public favour, and as one of the very best golfing places within easy reach of London, in much less time than any other ever did. The men's side is a very strong one, all the players but one being internationals; but the ladies' team is not anything like so strong as the sex could have made it had all the best girl golfers cared to play; and there may be some truth in the suggestion that the ladies are really not at all enamoured of this mixed-sex sort of golf. They are, of course, receiving a half. But whatever may be said by anyone about this tea-party kind of golf, as some have called it, the fact will remain that the great British public will take an interest in it that they do not take in the most important events of the game, such as the championships, and so I will mention a few of the most interesting points concerning some of the lady players.

The Points of Some of Them. There is Miss Lily Moore, the Olton player, who despite the great attention that has been given to some other girl players, has many claims to be regarded as the best of the three celebrated prodigies of the sex, the two others being Miss Cecilia Leitch and Miss Elsie Kyle, the St. Andrews player. She is, for one thing, I think, the youngest of the three, and, again, she is the only one who has progressed so far in the championship as to reach the final, which she did at Westward Ho! last year, when she had to yield at last to the greater experience and steadiness of Miss Grant Suttie. She was then only eighteen years of age, and it was a great feat to get into the final when so very young. Miss Moore, who is attached to the Olton Club, has a very good style, and is a very likely champion of the future. Then there is Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, who beat Miss Moore in the championship at Birkdale the year before, and who is something of a wonder in her way. Her progress at the game has been remarkable, for she took it up for the first time five years ago; but she started hockey, to the utter neglect of her golf, about the same time, and for a season played inside right for the Cheshire team. Subsequently she devoted herself very seriously to golf, and was deeply instructed by Fred Robson, who was professional at her club, the Bromborough,

at that time, with the result that in two years her handicap came down from twenty-five to scratch. She is what men would call a "good plucked 'un," for when she appeared for the first time in the championship at Birkdale, being then twenty-one years of age—but a perfect baby in length of golfing experience—she beat Miss F. Walker-Leigh, an ex-Irish champion and international, in her very first match, although she was four down at one point, and the game had to go to that most trying of all stages, the nineteenth hole. Miss Ravenscroft plays her brassey shots very finely and powerfully, and is a very businesslike kind of sportswoman, generally playing with bare head, and with her sleeves rolled up.



CADDIES? GIRLS AS GOLF CADDIES IN A CORONATION GOLF COMPETITION.

During one of the qualifying score competitions for the "Lady's Fictorial" Coronation Golf Competition—that held on the links of the Cork Golf Club, at Little Island—girls acted as caddies and gave much satisfaction. It will be recalled that the prizes offered by the well-known paper for ladies are three cups, each of the value of £30, and memento medals.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Miss Campbell is Coming. Then there is Mrs. F. W. Brown, who might very well be regarded as the premier lady golfer of the Metropolitan district, and once came very near to winning the championship. Although she has been settled in London for a long time, and plays chiefly at Wimbledon, where she is joint-holder of the record of the ladies' course, it should be mentioned that she is really a Scottish lady by birth, and plays for her native country in the international matches. She is a most accomplished player, and has a good style with all her strokes. She was in the semi-final of the championship at Cromer six years ago, and was then two up with six to play on Miss Bertha Thompson, the ultimate winner. Her short game, however, suddenly deteriorated, and the result was that four holes were lost in quick succession, and the match by two and one. There was a little excuse in the exceedingly trying conditions that ruled that day. Then Mrs. Durlacher, Miss K. Stuart, and Miss Violet Hezlet, one of the three famous golfing sisters, and some of the others in the side for Stoke Poges, are all

well-known players who have made their mark in the world of feminine golf. It is a little unfortunate that the match will be played a week before the temporary return to this country from Canada of Miss Dorothy Campbell, the champion of two years ago, and twice winner of the U.S. ladies' championship since then. Miss Campbell sails on the *Caledonia* next Saturday, with the special object of playing in the championship at Portrush. Those who fancied she might stay at home for good afterwards will be disappointed, for she will be back on the other side in the early autumn, playing in the American championship again. They say her game has



CONVALESCENT AFTER HER OPERATION FOR APPENDICITIS: MISS LILY ELSIE, THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR, GOLFING AT FOWEY.

Photograph by F. Kito.

much improved—and it did not seem to leave much room for improvement—since she has been off her native heath, and that particularly her iron shots are much firmer and better, owing to the strengthening of her wrists by a course of fencing.



THE negatives Queen Alexandra will bring back from Corfu will help to bulge the royal albums. The excavations afforded several interesting groups; the Kaiser, welcoming with the ardour of an archæologist and the gesture of an Emperor some crumbling fragment of antiquity to the light of day, can have made no mean theme for the camera. King George (of Greece) too, is ever ready to stand attention to his sister's snapshots. And the earth has given up very appropriate treasure. When the bas-relief of a seated goddess, with a lion at her side, was revealed, a foreigner of the party made a very gallant attempt, in English as broken as the monument, to explain how he saw in the bas-relief the likeness of a Queen who now rests after a life of toil, secure in the affection and protection of Great Britain. Nor are these the only pictures coming from Corfu. A young English lady, Miss Atkinson, has made many stays in this holiday haunt of monarchs—and many delightful water-colour sketches, too. Lovers of gardens will delight

pioneers. Few motorists with so long a record have kept the licenses of their chauffeurs clean. As Prince he might have erred, as King he can do no wrong; and so it is to one who has no very keen fellow-feeling in the matter of endorsements that the Chauffeurs' Club appeals for a Coronation amnesty in regard to their licenses. Cars will, of course, play their part in the June functions; but it will be a month of horses, too. The clatter of hoofs is still essential to processions, like the beating of drums; and, apart from processions, there will be a general peacemaking between owners and their horses rather than an increase of friendliness between men and motors. Horses are everywhere in request. How many letters like the one of a former Lord Carlisle are being written at the moment: "I wish you would send to my coachmakers, Berry and Barker, to hasten my coach. What has Harry done about my horses? If my coach will not be finished, they must let me have a new one. You



THE COMMANDER OF THE CORONATION TROOPS AND A CORONATION RALLY OF BOY SCOUTS: LORD KITCHENER AND THE DUKE OF RUTLAND GREETED BY THE DRUM-AND-FIFE BAND.

Lord Kitchener, who is to command the troops on duty in London during the Coronation, inspected a Coronation rally of about 1000 Boy Scouts at Leicester the other day. He described the Scouts' ideals as the highest Christianity and patriotism.

Photograph by Sport and General.



FORMERLY MISS OLA HUMPHREY: PRINCESS IBRAHIM HASSAN.

A few days ago, Miss Ola Humphrey, the pretty and popular American actress who was seen recently in "The Man from Mexico," married Prince Ibrahim Hassan, a cousin of the Khedive. The ceremony took place at the Strand Registry Office in Henrietta Street. The bridegroom was described on the marriage certificate as "Ibrahim Hassan; 32; bachelor; Prince of the Ottoman Empire." The bride was entered as "Pearl Ola Jane Mordant, formerly Humphrey, spinster."

Photograph by Walter Barnett.

studying kingly countenances. There are, in every Court, Court painters; there are of every monarch, State portraits; but the sculptor, to whom the makers of memorials go after a ruler's death, is all unprepared for his commission. The Kaiser, for his part, has determined that the chisels destined to carve the memorials of "immortal William" shall not be entirely ignorant of the lineaments they will commemorate.

My Kingdom for a Horse! It is nearly fourteen years since the late King first rode in a motor-car, and King George was also among the

to see the 'Kaiser's, as rendered in colour, in the volume on this fortunate island which Miss Atkinson is now passing through the press.

The Sculptor's Chance. The German Emperor, who comes straight from the unearthing of statues in Corfu to the unveiling of a statue in London, has often played with marbles in his own royal way in his own royal city. Young Berlin knows his taste in statuary extremely well, and smiles, of course, because Young Berlin thinks itself very knowing and very advanced in the arts. But the Kaiser's interest in sculpture has a base of very solid sense. He does not see why painters alone should be allowed an opportunity of

know I am a coxcomb, and do not like to have a carriage like a tooth-drawer's." But to-day we look to Harley Street for an example in equi-page.

"Half Angel and Half Bird." Badminton is again the nursery of sport, and during Easter week resounded with the cries of grown-up children playing with a new toy. M. Tabuteau's aeroplane was greeted with such delight that the least valiant member of the party half forgot that these machines are already old in tragedy. One after another the Duchess of Beaufort, her two daughters, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Brocklehurst, and Countess Nora Lützow experienced what Mr. Moore Brabazon has aptly



TO BE IN ENGLAND FOR THE CORONATION: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

The Crown Princess of Roumania, here shown in an unconventional pose with one of her daughters, was Marie, Princess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Her wedding took place in January of 1893. She has five children—Prince Carol, born in October 1893, Prince Nicolas, and Princesses Elizabeth, Marie, and Ileana. Princess Elizabeth, who was born in September, 1894, has just become engaged to Prince George of Greece, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Greece.

Photograph by E.N.A.



CURIOUS AS TO PRISON SYSTEM IN NEW YORK: A TRIO OF SUFFRAGETTES ENTERING THE EASTERN PENITENTIARY ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION.

From left to right are shown Miss Fauna Allax, a post-graduate law student at the University of Pennsylvania; Miss Alice Paul, a Philadelphian, who was in an English prison for about a month on the "Votes for Women" question; and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst. Miss Pankhurst described the prison as the finest she had ever visited.

described as "the sort of jelly feeling" of leaving the earth. The number of distinguished women who have flown in England was light-heartedly doubled in the course of a single afternoon. Early in the year flights were made by Mrs. Assheton-Harbord and by Lady Torrington, who never felt so young as when, for a few glorious moments, she was suspended over the mammoth blocks of Stonehenge. Lady Fitzwilliam and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein came near flying at a time when aviators were more nervous about carrying passengers, but their entreaties for a lift were unheeded, and they go through life with a well-grounded regret.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

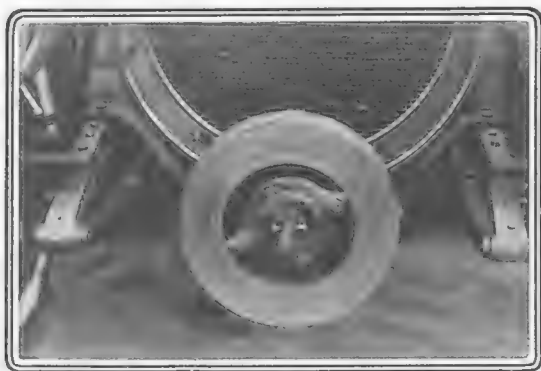
Bibendum's Guide to Britain.

The Michelin Guide for the British Isles, which I foreshadowed in my notes of last week, is to hand, and much more than fulfils the promises made for it. There is no guide-book of the kind in this country which compares with it for completeness and thoroughness. As in the foreign guides, an alphabetical list of towns is given, with, amongst others, the following particulars: first, the county in which the town is situated, then a reference to the sectional map bound up in the book upon which the town is shown; next, brief indications of what to see and how to see it; then the names of many of the surrounding places, and the condition of the roads leading thereto; then one or more hotels, graded and tarified as to plain breakfast, meat breakfast, lunch, dinner, room, and chauffeur's accommodation, description of accommodation for car and charge, R.A.C. qualification, and telephone number. These are followed by the names and addresses of repairers and tyre-stockers, with full signatory description of the equipment of their particular establishments. Town plans, affording clear means of finding the route through intricate aggregations, are given in profusion; while the twenty-one clearly drawn sectional maps render larger maps almost unnecessary for through routes. A well-chosen set of excursions, and a telegraphic code by which all the hotels given in the Guide can be communicated with, is far from completing the useful contents of this wonderful book.

Man or Machine?

Everyone will regret that one of the most successful meetings ever held at Brooklands—that of last Easter Monday, to wit—was marred by the terrible accident to Mr.

G. Wilkinson while driving Mr. A. T. Craig's 27-h.p. Benz. At the moment of writing no plausible reason has been assigned as the cause of this lamentable catastrophe. On the one hand it is suggested that the brakes failed to act; but even if this were so, simple declutching at the post would have reduced the speed of the car sufficiently to enable any fairly skilful driver, when assisted by the



THE GYROSCOPE TO PREVENT SKIDDING: THE DEVICE FIXED ON A CAR.

The device may be described briefly as follows (we quote the "Autocar"): "It is a wheel within a wheel on a universal joint. The gyroscope wheel proper is fourteen inches in diameter, and consists of a steel wheel cut from the solid and mounted upon internal steel gimbals (giving the gyroscope a single axis to any degree of its circumference). The gimbal is in turn mounted upon a steel shaft running in ball bearings, which are fitted upon a bracket carrying the device in that position on the car behind the radiator where the fan is usually to be found.—

Photograph by Sport and General.

banking, to take the turn from the winning straight into the top bend. Again, a conspiracy of inaction of the throttle and clutch in combination is suggested; but that is hardly feasible, for in such case the brakes would have played a sufficiently retarding part, and it is altogether unreasonable to presume that all three failed together. Further, the engine could have been switched off, and by now examination of the wreck has probably shown whether this had been done or not. From the reports of experienced eye-witnesses it would appear that this unfortunate driver suffered from a terrible error of judgment.

The "Autoclipse" Non-Dazzler.

I have lately had a light-giver brought to my notice in which, while the efficiency of the lamp is not reduced in any way, the so-much-condemned glare is quite absent. This lamp is known as the "Autoclipse," and is put upon the market by that world-renowned

firm, Messrs. Brown Brothers, Ltd., of Great Eastern Street, E.C. This lamp is very ingeniously fitted with a neat anti-dazzling device, which takes the form of a disc which is brought between the burner and the reflector in such wise as to eliminate all the long-distance rays, which cause annoyance to other users of the road, and is controlled at will by the driver. At the same time, the short-distance rays emitted from the face of the flame are in no way diminished. The "Autoclipse" headlight, which has a gold reflector for fog-penetration, is the only motor-lamp permitted by the New York authorities.

No Pleading Ireland.

The Irish are admittedly a delightful people, but as a nation are somewhat prone to look a gift horse in the mouth, particularly that section of them which has anything to do with local self-government. The offer of the Road Board to benefit Irish roads by the expenditure of no less than a million pounds of the hated Sassenach motorists' money has actually, in lieu of evoking gratitude, moved many Irish County Councils to indignation. These dear people appear to perceive some dark purpose underlying the offer—nothing less than a fell intention on the part of the Road Board to make scorching-ways for motorists. When one recalls some of the Irish roads over which one has driven, with the phantom of a broken axle always present, it would seem that, even at the expense of a little speed, Irishmen would like to see their roads improved at no cost to themselves. Why, with even passable roads, thousands upon thousands a year would be spent in the "distressful" country by motor tourists, because of the absence of police-traps and for the sake of the delightful scenery.

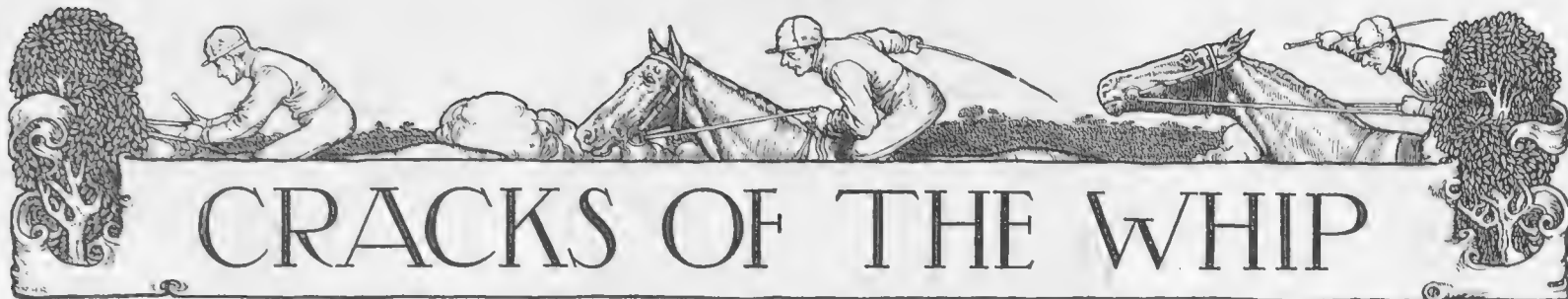
Continental Popularity.

A proof of the quality of a tyre is its popularity. There is no one so quick to tumble to the reputation of a tyre as your motorist, who suffers in that place which most affects him—his pocket—by any shortcomings in this respect. Moreover, no advertisement can make a tyre, neither can price nor pushing establish it, unless it acquires a good name for wear and reliability. One has only to render himself in those places where motorists most do congregate to be assured of this, and to grasp how the reputations of tyres are made and marred. If popularity be the gauge of quality, then it is clear that the Continental ranks among the best, for the popularity of this tyre is such that the company responsible for it in this country are perforce obliged presently to translate themselves to larger and more commodious premises even than the large and commodious establishment they at present occupy at 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.



THE GYROSCOPE TO PREVENT SKIDDING: THE MECHANIC SLIPS ON THE THAMES MUD AND SOFT SOAP "ROAD" WHILE STARTING THE ENGINE FOR A TEST.

—The free end of the gyroscope spindle is provided with two springs carried in the part of the bracket which controls the 'precessional' movement of the gyroscope. The method on which the device works is, briefly: This universally-jointed wheel, which is driven off the crankshaft or half-time-shaft in the same manner as an ordinary fan, runs, naturally, perfectly true, but when an exterior force is brought to bear on it, such as that produced by a side-slip, it possesses in itself the necessary amount of energy to correct the tendency for the car to move out of a straight line by exerting a powerful lever action upon the chassis.—[Photograph by M. Dixon and Co.]



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The Guineas. The first of the classic races of the season, the Two Thousand Guineas, down for decision to-day, has aroused more interest than usual on account of the uncertainty attaching to the three-year-old form. It appears that there is little reliance to be placed on it, and we have scarcely arrived beyond the guessing stage in our endeavours to find the best horse of that age. The impression I gained of last season's two-year-olds was that Seaforth was the best, and somehow I don't feel inclined to revise that opinion yet, in spite of the peculiar nature of the victory scored by that colt at Liverpool this spring. He only got home a head in advance of Athelstan, which, on the face of it, is but moderate form; but I fancy it was a win gained somewhat easily. Others read the race differently, but I shall base my calculations on my own belief. One of the principal reasons that incline men to the opinion that the three-year-olds are moderate is Sydmonton and his defeat of St. Nat. That performance stamps Sydmonton as one of the best of his age if it is taken at its paper value. It may be that St. Nat was not quite fit at Newbury; but he was forward enough in condition to induce his owner to lay 9 to 4 on his chance. So I think we may take it that Sydmonton has "arrived" amongst the top-sawyers of his age. Twelve months ago, in the Woodcote Stakes, Seaforth gave him a handsome beating, and although Sydmonton is a different horse now, I shall take Mr. McCalmont's horse to confirm the form. My Newmarket correspondent has been loud in his praise of Cellini for the last month. On last season's running, Pietri comes out better than Gilpin's colt; but now that Pietri is touched in his wind he may find the other one too strong for him. As regards the One Thousand Guineas, I have heard that Alice will win for the Kingsclere stable. My selections for the races will be found under "Monday Tips."

Chester and Kempton.

The important Spring Handicaps have been decided, with two exceptions, these being the Chester Cup and the Jubilee Stakes. Those races are usually run in the same week, but this year there is an interval of ten days between them, the long-distance race being set for May 3. Recent form has shed some light on both events. For instance, the winners of Kempton Queen's Prize and the Great Metropolitan are engaged in the Chester Cup, together with a number of horses that were defeated at Epsom. Origo and Kilbroney each go up a stone in the handicap, on account of their victories—a penalty that in ordinary circumstances prevents success, although I have not forgotten that Proclamation carried such an one home in the Manchester November Handicap a few years ago. One of the horses beaten in the Chester Cup, Glacis, ran so well, and will meet Kilbroney on such vastly better terms at Chester, that he may be expected to be a prominent candidate. Clannish should again be beaten by Bagotstown, who may possibly have been

unfortunate, as the race was run, to have lost at Epsom. In any case, Clannish would have to be ridden by a small boy, and such do not shine on the peculiar Chester track. For the most popular of all the Spring Handicaps, the Jubilee, Rochester and the Story have each to carry more than the handicapper allotted them by reason of races won since the appearance of the weights. Rochester did so well at Newbury that he does not seem overdone with 8st. 2lb., his increased impost. Mustapha ran well enough at Epsom to suggest that he may do better here, but R. Dawson's stable has also Buckwheat in—a horse that has shown to advantage on the course in previous contests. No fewer than eight of the City and Suburban horses are engaged in the Jubilee, but Mushroom, the winner, is not one of them. The victory of Mushroom, by the way, ought to revive the waning interest of owners of three-year-olds in early Spring Handicaps. Winkipop is very well handicapped for the Jubilee, and is almost sure to develop into a popular public candidate.



NOMINATED A STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB: THE HON. F. LAMBTON.

The Hon. F. Lambton, who has been nominated a steward of the Jockey Club, is the twin brother of the Earl of Durham. His clubs are the Turf and the Travellers.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Blackpool.

The scheme for steeplechasing at Blackpool in August will be watched with keen interest. It is the first time that an attempt has been made on a large scale to run a jumping meeting at that time of the year. One or two minor meetings have been on the programme in Devonshire for a good many years past, but they have never been taken seriously. The Clifton Park scheme, on the other hand, is an extremely ambitious one, and embraces several races of the value of a thousand sovs., and others of 250 sovs. and 100 sovs. The inauguration takes place on Aug. 1, this meeting extending over three days, and the remaining racing dates are Aug. 18 and 19, Sept. 1 and 2, and Sept. 16. The club in connection with the Blackpool scheme is called the Clifton Park Club, of which the president is the Earl of Lonsdale, and the secretary, Colonel C. F. Grant-ham. The annual subscription for the first 500 members is £5 5s., which includes one lady's badge and free admission to the club enclosure and paddock at all meetings. The stewards of the meeting are the Earl of Lonsdale, Sir Peter Walker, and Messrs. J. Talbot Clifton, and Romer Williams. The general manager is Mr. Joe Davis.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Pietri ran a good public trial for the Two Thousand Guineas when he conceded 32 lb. and got to the head of Marechal Strozzi at Sandown, and I think he will win the first of the classics to-day. The One Thousand Guineas on Friday may be won by Knockfeerna. Other selections are: Newmarket, to-day, Heath Handicap, Sunripe; Wilbraham Plate, Fair Relative; Bretby Handicap, Martinet. To-morrow: Peel Handicap, Slieve Roe; Ely Plate, Sunder; March Stakes, Sir Martin. Friday: Three Year Old Handicap, Minehead; Friday Welter, Sarena; May Plate, Kempion. Hurst Park, Saturday: Victoria Cup, Senseless.



A POSITION FROM WHICH THE RIDER RECOVERED HIS SEAT: ST. JAMES'S PARK NEARLY COMES A CROPPER IN THE SEASIDE STEEPLECHASE, AT PORTSMOUTH PARK.

The remarkable thing was that the rider recovered his seat from the position here shown without falling to the ground, and continued the race.—[Photograph by R. Silk.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The "New" Man. In listening to the conversation of really Superior Persons, one is struck by the fact that there is not so much a New Woman nowadays (that much-discussed female being already a little dowdy) as a New Man. Without the New Man, indeed, the amazing young women we see around us could hardly exist; certainly they would find what is called public opinion far more against them than it is. For the superior masculine person—particularly if he has taken a degree at Oxford or Cambridge—is inclined to let Woman take her own line in various (and even devious) directions, without any protest on his part. He is disposed to allow her the largest latitude in developing her character and personality. If he has no objection to her being economically independent of himself, he is ready to admit that he cannot, logically, make harder and faster rules as to conduct than he does for himself. There are already a considerable number of newly married persons in England who, in endeavouring to avoid the Mrs. Caudle type of domesticity, go so far as to set up separate establishments in order to avoid the frets and jars which do so much towards devastating the married state. And invariably when that universal topic of conversation, Women's Suffrage, comes up, as it always does at every dinner-party nowadays, we find the New Man advocating the claims of his feminine contemporaries to citizenship, while timid persons, such as retired Major-Generals and the wives of rural deans, contribute a reactionary—sometimes a violently hostile—note to the discussion.



THE EARTH-BROWN GOLFING MAID.

The costume is in earth-brown cloth, with a fine royal-blue line in it. The skirt opens on either side of the front panel over a kilting of blue cloth. This material also forms the facing to the collar and the hat, which has a stitched brim and is trimmed with two brown feathers.

as it always does at every dinner-party nowadays, we find the New Man advocating the claims of his feminine contemporaries to citizenship, while timid persons, such as retired Major-Generals and the wives of rural deans, contribute a reactionary—sometimes a violently hostile—note to the discussion.

Aviation Week-Ends.

The Duchess of Beaufort having set the fashion at Badminton this Easter of inviting a famous aviator to swoop down from the skies into her grounds, take breakfast with the house-party, and then convoy them in batches through the air, the rest of England will eagerly seize a new amusement, and flying will be all the rage this summer for amateurs. Undoubtedly, it is a fascinating form of sport—not so dangerous, probably, as cross-country riding, mountaineering, bobsleighting, ski-ing, motor-racing, tiger-shooting, and other adventures in which the Englishman and the Englishwoman are prone to indulge. Her Grace showed her courage not only in venturing into the skies herself, but in allowing all her children to follow her example; and this spirited action on her part will set all the boys and girls in these islands wanting to breathe the upper ether. It is a curious fact that while in France it is from among the plebs that aviators are chiefly recruited—many of the most famous and audacious airmen being mechanics and engineers of the humblest sort—in England the new sport has been mostly forwarded by the upper classes, by the young men with leisure and money to spare. This,

indeed, is usually the way a new sport or means of locomotion is spread among Anglo-Saxon folk. Who would have foretold, when the young bloods took to motor-racing some ten years ago, that the public would have thousands of lordly motor-cars at their disposal for the modest sum of eightpence a mile in the year 1911?

The Strange Case of Fiona and William.

There is surely no such strange case, either in psychology or in literature, as that of Fiona Macleod and William Sharp. That the late distinguished critic had two literary personalities is now abundantly clear; but what was odd in his attitude towards the dual writers enshrined within him was that he was equally desirous of shining, in fiction, as William Sharp, as he was in the capacity of Fiona Macleod. It would look, indeed, as if the less inspired Sharp was just a little jealous of the transcendental Fiona; at any rate, he guarded the anonymity of the lady with much pertinacity and amazing success until he was dead. Moreover, William Sharp wrote several books in the same style, and using the same effects, as Fiona Macleod; yet he never approached the beauty and originality of what he must have described to himself as his Feminine Muse. As Sharp, he was a fine and discerning critic, an able essayist, and one who wrote sympathetically of foreign lands; but the only novel in which he attained success was one written in collaboration with an American authoress. It would seem as if his talent demanded feminine aid.

The Disillusionment.

A letter from a young friend in Japan warns me that if I want to keep my illusions about that remarkable country I should by no means travel to the far-away islands of Nippon. Rather should one stay at home comfortably and read all the beautiful books which once were written about them, books by the idealists, the philosophers, the wayfarers who have all been attracted to the land of Cherry Blossom before it was spoiled by tall hats, frock-coats, tailor-made frocks, and Western "progress" generally. And even in the matter of the famous cherry-blossom, my correspondent is singularly disillusioned. After all, as he truly says, there are cherry-trees galore in Kent, and the Vale of Evesham can show as fine a display of frothing pink-and-white fruit-trees as any garden in Japan. Then the cold, too, as Lafcadio Hearn found to his cost, is very badly guarded against, and I imagine one can be as miserable in one of those alluring but draughty paper-houses, sleeping on a mat with a wooden pillow, as heart of anchorite could desire. The fact would seem to be that the imagination of authors is so active, and the tales of travellers so untrustworthy, that we had often better take them at their word, but refrain from personally verifying their adventures and impressions.



THE QUAKER GIRL AS MOTORIST.

This charming motor-wrap, with Quaker hood, is made of Shantung, the coat being faced with black-and-white striped satin. The hood is turned back with mauve taffetas and has a mauve veil attached.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 10.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE principal factor in the Stock Exchange markets at the present time is an inflated bull account. This is the real cause of the depression which spread over all the markets at the end of last week. Ostensibly, Morocco and Mexico were at the root of the trouble, but, in effect, the buying before Easter had been overdone, and, as it so often happens in these cases, the public showed a resolute determination not to come in as they were expected to do. There has been a good deal of loose talk as to a bear account in Home Rails, but in this we place no faith at all. The buying was too heavy and too general for the bears to have dared to take liberties, except a comparatively small circle that is used to "seeing the thing through." Until the bull account becomes decreased or the stock passes into stronger hands, it is quite likely that the markets will drift along in their present somewhat unsatisfactory condition.

HOME RAILWAY BEARS.

It is somewhat remarkable to notice how bearishly people have begun to talk in respect of Home Rails, as compared, of course, with the optimism prevalent a fortnight ago. Some of the bulls themselves are gloomy in their views, and admit that they are holding their stock only in the hope of a new flutter enabling them to get out. It would seem as though the Coronation hopes had come to a sudden end, as though the flood-tide of good trade and the other favourable influences were generally regarded as over-discounted, leaving the market nothing else to "go for." We have heard any amount of this sort of talk within the past few days; it grew more and more persistent as prices fell away, and it shaded off a little when the market began to show signs of rallying. It needs only a slight recurrence of the earlier bullishness to banish this kind of thing altogether, and we must say that the market in the Stock Exchange looks to us to wear an uncommonly sound appearance. After so long and heavy a rise, a thorough shake-out would have been perfectly natural, whereas what happened was a decline of only two or three points from the very top. In our opinion that Home Railway rise is going to be resumed.

THE LONG VIEW IN YANKEES.

With the Trusts' decision expected to be made known after we go to press, it is manifestly impossible to write on the subject in advance in any way but rather vaguely. In one sense this ought to be a good thing, in that the prospect is less likely to be blurred and confused by that "look of the market" which everyone admits to be so deceptive. Taking, then, the longer view, the question is, how will the decision affect the market, say, a month, or six months, after it has been delivered? In the ordinary way, an appeal could be predicted if the Trusts lost the day, but as the tribunal in this case is the Supreme Court, we take it that the finding will be final, which is so much to the good. Supposing it be decided that the Trusts are illegal corporations acting in restraint of trade, will trade become any the more restricted? Is it likely, or probable, that these huge affairs will sit down quietly, dissolve silently, and distribute their enormous assets? Will the removal of the prolonged period of uncertainty not tend to quicken and stimulate pent-up commerce and enterprise? Prices might go down with a run upon delivery of an unfavourable decision to the Trusts, but of their ultimate chance of substantial recovery there would seem to be very little doubt.

FOR THE GREEDY.

There are many people to whom a big return on money invested is a reasonable risk, and who rather resent being told that they cannot get more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. with safety, or 5 per cent. without speculation. This is perfectly true, of course, but if a man has money with which he can afford to "take chances," he sometimes wants a wrinkle as to what he ought to do with it. We have a little list showing returns that range from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $8\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The selection has been made with care, but obviously the greater the yield, the greater the risk, and this must be borne in mind in the case of any of the following issues—

Stock or Share.	Dividend.	Price.	Yield per cent.
Canadian Gen. Elec. Pref.	7	121	$5\frac{15}{8}$
Assoc. Port. Cement Pref.	$5\frac{1}{2}$	9	$6\frac{2}{3}$
Midland Uruguay Deb.	5	84	$5\frac{19}{1}$
West India and Pan. Tel. Second Pref.	6	$9\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{6}{4}$
Rickett Cockrell Pref.	$4\frac{1}{2}$	3	$7\frac{10}{0}$
Gordon Hotels Pref.	$5\frac{1}{2}$	8	$6\frac{17}{6}$
Savoy Hotel Pref.	7	9	$7\frac{15}{7}$
Lady's Pictorial Pref.	5	3	$8\frac{6}{8}$

Five out of the eight chosen are Companies working at home. Of the others, one operates in Canada, another in the West Indies, and the third in Uruguay, so the field of choice is tolerably widely spread.

RUBBER DIVIDENDS.

The dividends announced by the leading Rubber Companies in respect of the year just ended make an admirable showing, and the buyer can see for himself that from such shares as Pataling, Selangor, Anglo-Malay, Bukit Rajah, and others of the same type, a return of 10 to $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. can be obtained on the money. The Linggi announcement is not out as we write, but there is practically no doubt that it will make 250 per cent. for the year—giving, at the price of $48/6$, cum dividend, a return of about 12 per cent. on the money. These are good figures, and the Companies have supplemented them by putting substantial sums to reserve and carry-forward accounts. The public, however, are inclined to regard these distributions as being the high-water mark which the rubber industry is likely to attain, in consequence of the high prices which the raw stuff reached last year. It is contended that though the Selangor may pay 375 per cent. on an average price of about 8s. per lb. for rubber, it will have to make a very considerable reduction in the amount for the year when prices are, perhaps, no better than 5s. on the average. This is the simple reason why Rubber shares are neglected even by the speculative investor. He thinks that such returns as are now available must of necessity be reduced, but rather overlooks the fact that all the good companies are increasing their output at such a rate as will probably compensate for the lower prices ruling during the present twelvemonth. It is quite possible, therefore, that the dividends for 1910 may be, if not maintained, at least kept up to a very high standard in respect of the present year, and when this is grasped more fully, the Rubber Market should go better, unless the public are thoroughly frightened away by the antics of the opposing Syndicates which are pulling against one another in the case of the commodity itself.

OIL AND THE SHOPS.

The boom in Oil shares has been the cleverest bit of market engineering which the Stock Exchange has seen for quite a long time. From the point of view of the public, the exhibition of share-selling should have proved instructive, and, we hope, not expensive. A good many people made money out of the rise, but not all the dealers in the market have been so lucky. Some of them bought a good number of shares near the top, and in the wild shake-out towards the end of last week they got severely bitten. The superstructure of the Oil boom is not solid enough to place much confidence in, and the man who is gambling merely upon a market movement is a very different person from himself acting as a speculative investor in an industry which he has faith in as likely to pay handsomely, apart altogether from the rushing up and down of market values. Spies Petroleum we have recommended here from the time, not many weeks ago, when the price stood at 32s., while Shells we consider just as likely as ever to go to 5. But the Maikop business we are afraid of, so far as lasting capabilities are concerned.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"I have not got a single idea in my head to-night," said the journalist, flinging his pen into a charming onyx-and-silver ornament on his table. "I'm sick of the whole—er, business; and yet I have got to rake up a couple of thousand words for to-morrow that shall look as though they were written by somebody who tossed them off for the mere love of the thing, and not to get the dross to buy his children boots with."

"You have missed your vocation," said Our Stroller. "You ought to have been an—"

"What?"

"An orator," replied Our Stroller with never a smile.

But the journalist laughed instead. "Come on, you ridiculous old Job. Let's get a mouthful of fresh air or Mountain Dew. The night is young, and I always work best when least sober. Besides, it's such fun to wake up and read next day in print what you haven't the least recollection of writing, and what you certainly wouldn't have—"

"Hullo!" said Our Stroller. "Here's my broker. How are you? What are you coming this way for?"

The broker explained that he was out for a quiet cup of tea, and led them to a pleasantly furnished place called the Tea Room in Crown Court, Old Broad Street. The journalist heaved a sigh or two, but was forced to admit that everything was "quite nice."

"You can talk comfortably here," said the broker, "and it's just far enough off the House to make it worth coming to."

Another broker said he had come down to meditate upon the danger of selling bears of Home Rails.

"The boom looks as if it had suffered a severe check," remarked Our Stroller.

His broker declared his opinion that the buying would break out again, and perhaps as "virulently as ever."

The other broker doubted it, while the journalist inclined also to the cautious side, "although," he confessed, "we have to write as if we thoroughly believed in it, because we suppose that all our readers want us to."

"They haven't reached the top just yet," put in a sage bystander. "You will see Home Rails higher yet, by long chalks; but

[Continued on page h.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Wedding Garments. Many marriages are distinguishing the last days of April. A study of bridal dresses has suggested the imprudence of choosing short sleeves for that special robe. The glove of the left hand has to be removed. Few brides have either the time or the thought to put it on again in the vestry. As the bride comes down the church her left arm and hand hang down, and are usually red through nervousness, the effect being far from pretty with the pure white attire. It also appears to be a useful thing to remember that short skirts for bridesmaids are not nearly so effective as long ones. As they walk up the church the effect is undignified and fore-shortened. This does not, of course, apply to children — only to grown-up girls. The latest idea of having the bridesmaids' bouquets of the old-world, tightly arranged kind on lace bouquet papers is most successful with child bridesmaids. The looser bouquet or the branch of flowers is far more effective for grown-up girls in modern frocks.

Dress Show on the Stage "Better not Enquire" does not apply to the gowns worn in Mr. Hawtrey's new play. They will repay any amount of enquiry, for they are very beautiful, and show that they have been supplied by a master mind in style and colour. The evening dresses in the second act are singularly successful. Miss Löhr wears one of soft English satin in a lovely pale shade of blue. It is draped with a finch-green chiffon, which is carried fichu-like round the shoulders, and falls down scarf-like over the skirt at the back, being caught up with a paste ornament. The green is wrought in lines with quicksilver tubes, and in a deep, handsome border with moonstone tubes in a good bold design. With this, a wonderful cloak of white, wide-meshed net is worn, with a deep border in raised floss-silk embroidery, with flower groups, each flower centred with a diamond. Long tassels of diamante weight the cloak down prettily at the corners. A gown worn by Miss Enid Leslie in this act is also a study in colour. The skirt is foxglove-red Chinese crêpe, and over it is a classical tunic of white chiffon bordered with laurel and myrtle leaves in old gold. Over the dress is a long cloak of rich foxglove-red soft satin, the deep shoulder-pieces and deep collar of cross-stitch in wool, red and green, and all colours effective on the crimson background which gleams through. It is lined with deep summer night sky-blue. The effect is beautiful. The underskirt is of the trouserette character, of white charmeuse, each leg frilled with foxglove batiste and ivory-white lace. The day dresses, hats, and headdresses are all such as will be worn during the season.

Wedding-Trip Trunks. There are so many brides and bridegrooms travelling just now that the question of luggage arises. It is a most important one, especially with Continental journeys, where lightness and convenience are so important. Appearance is also a

matter of consideration; people like their belongings to look neat and distinctive. Messrs. Best and Co., of 188, Sloane Street, and Alford Street, Park Lane, are specialists greatly depended upon in this matter. The Hon. Eva Bruce, who this week becomes the Hon. Mrs. Algernon Strutt; Lady Lettice Harrison, the Marquess and Marchioness of Cholmondeley's only daughter, a bride of last week, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Needham, daughter of Lady Constance Combe, of Pierrepont, Farnham, Surrey, a this week's bride, have all, it may be mentioned, had trunks and travelling-cases from Messrs. Best and Co. They are of the firm's special materials, securing lightness and strength, and are green, with black leather fittings, for the Hon. Eva Bruce, with blue and white bands, rendering them easy to distinguish.

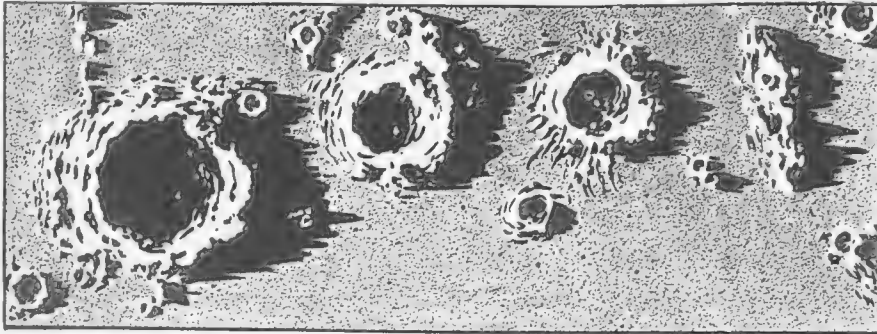
Rich and Rare. We are very like the Athenians of old in our desire for all things new. Earrings and rings of original and clever designs appeal to us particularly at a time when we all desire to shine. There is an interesting exhibition of these and of other effective jewellery at Messrs. Tecla's, 7, Old Bond Street. The jewels are mounted in platinum

and in gold, and are combined with real diamonds most effectively, the stones challenging comparison with the most costly real gems. A new branch of the firm is interesting visitors at Nice, where the jewellery in 16, Avenue Masséna is admirably inspected by men and women of all nations.

A Coronation Group. The Queen will be attended at her crowning by six train-bearers, four Maids-of-Honour, four Ladies-in-Waiting, and the Mistress of the Robes. The Queen's train will be rich imperial purple, and her dress cloth-of-gold; her Maids-of-Honour will wear cloth-of-silver, while the train-bearers will be in white. Details have not been settled, save those of her Majesty's own robes, which are not as yet made public. They are now in course of being embroidered, and I have been told that they will be worn again at the Coronation Durbar in India. The Stars of Africa will make a sensation in the Eastern part of the Empire, where diamonds are most keenly admired.

It is claimed by the famous whisky-distillers, Messrs. Jameson, that there is as much difference between John Jameson whisky and some decoctions called by that name as there is between a '78 port and raisin-wine. The Jameson principle has always been to buy the best grain, to distil by the old pot-still method, to observe the utmost cleanliness at every stage, and to mature the whisky by age. It is an expensive plan, but it has resulted in John Jameson Whisky being known as "the Whisky of Connoisseurs." The Jameson firm is a family business, with family traditions. From 1780 until some five years ago, three John Jamesons ruled in succession, and there is still a Jameson at the head. The first John Jameson started in a small way, but now the capital of the firm is £900,000, and the distilleries in Dublin cover many acres.

In connection with the X-ray photographs of Miss Bessie Clayton's foot, published in our last Issue, it should have been mentioned that they were taken by the scientific expert, Mr. T. Thorne Baker.



AN ADVERTISEMENT WRITTEN ON THE MOON: ODOL SPELT IN LUNAR CRATERS. Pedantic people who derived the name of the famous dentifrice Odol from the Greek word *odous* (a tooth) and the Latin *olere* (to be fragrant) were wrong. The name really originated as follows. After spending months in vain attempts to devise a satisfactory name, the inventor of Odol one day chanced to visit an astronomical friend's observatory. Looking through the telescope at the moon, he saw written on its surface, in mountainous letters that must eclipse any mere terrestrial advertisement, the mystic name Odol, as reproduced above, and the problem was solved.



TO APPEAR AS KITTY IN "THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY" IN A SPECIAL MATINÉE AT THE COURT THEATRE ON MAY 4: MISS IRENE HENTSCHEL.

Miss Hentschel, who is the daughter of Mr. Carl Hentschel, is a student at Sir Herbert Tree's Academy in Gower Street. The special matinée of "The Marriage of Kitty" is to be given in aid of the League of Mercy.



FINE SPECIMENS OF AN ANIMAL NOT YET EXTINCT IN STREET TRACTION: A TYPICAL TURN-OUT OF A FIRM THAT TOOK TEN FIRSTS AT THE LONDON VAN HORSE PARADE.

At the London Van Horse Parade on Easter Monday, Messrs. J. Buchanan and Co., of Holborn, the well-known whisky-distillers, took no fewer than ten premier honours, or firsts, for "pairs." Evidently, the cart-horse does not intend just yet to become an extinct animal, driven from the streets by the power of petrol.

THE STORY OF THE MORMONS.

THE activity of Mormon missionaries in England, which is exciting attention in the Church, in Parliament, and in private life, is commonly regarded as a new development of this strange organisation. But it is no new development. The Mormons began to colonise England in the very month that Queen Victoria ascended the throne, seventy-four years ago, when Mormonism was only ten years old.

The church, which is officially styled the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, began with an extraordinary character named Joseph Smith, who was born at Sharon, Vermont, in December 1805. Smith's father was a charlatan, who lived in tolerable comfort by pretending, by process of divination, to discover hidden treasure, and, by aid of the rod, to locate water. His son accompanied him when the family moved, in 1815, to Palmyra, and later to the neighbouring town of Manchester. Here young Joseph dreamed dreams, or dreamed that he did; and saw, or caused it to be believed that he saw, visions. He undoubtedly had fits. He became a crystal-gazer, and bettered his father in the finding of alleged hidden treasure. The birth of the Mormon faith came about in this wise:

He pretended that when he was fifteen, he received a revelation that he was to be a prophet and leader, and that in 1823 he received a second spiritual visit. This second was a more amazing visitation than the first, for now he was told of the whereabouts of a hidden bible written on gold, which gave an account of the former inhabitants of the American continent. Many more supernatural visits were alleged by Smith to have followed, in which he was instructed in the duties and privileges of his calling as prophet and seer. Finally he was directed to go to "the west side of a hill, not far from the top, about four miles from Palmyra, and near the mail-road which leads thence to the little town of Manchester." Smith alleged that he went and found the golden bible hidden in this place. It was said to be of thin gold plates, eight inches long by seven in length, and bound together with three gold rings. Part of the leaves were sealed, part unsealed, and the visible characters were said to be beautifully engraved in what Smith declared to be "reformed Egyptian." He was no scholar, but by the aid of a pair of magic spectacles, found with the bible, he was able to translate that part of the work which was unsealed. He stood behind a curtain and dictated to an amanuensis on the other side of the curtain, and so the Mormon Bible came to be written.

It professes to show that America was first colonised by a tribe which quitted the Tower of Babel, to become so desperately wicked that the majority, to the number of some millions, were all

slaughtered. The continent had to be re-colonised direct from Jerusalem. Then again strife broke out. Just before the ultimate overthrow of the fair and righteous by the dark and wicked, one of the prophets of the former was moved to write the history to date, upon plates of gold, and to bury it. This writer was named Mormon, and so the faith of Mr. Smith was named after him, Mormon being the ghostly visitor of his dreams.

Smith got half-a-dozen people to declare that they believed in him, to publish his translation of the Mormon "bible," and to swear that an angel had appeared and showed them the gold plates. But no one else ever saw the latter, and after the translation the plates were said to have been reclaimed by the angel. On this foundation the Mormon faith has grown up.

Polygamy was practised from an early date by Smith, who in 1843 had a "revelation" specially approving this weakness. This caused dissension, but Smith had by this time got a charter for his city of Nauvoo, with law courts and military of his own, and went on winning spiritual wives until the people round about rose in arms against his colony. They succeeded in capturing Smith, whom, with his confederate brother, they shot dead in the prison into which he had been cast.

Thereafter Brigham Young became the dominant factor, and, after the Mormon city had been cannonaded a second time, led a marvellous expedition into the wilds to found what has become the beautiful and prosperous Salt Lake City, in the smiling State of Utah. It was Mexican territory then, but became American in 1848. Here the Mormon power grew extraordinarily, and the United States long tried in vain to curb it.

There were organised military campaigns against the Latter-day Saints, campaigns promoted to suppress not only polygamy and indiscriminate immorality, but the slaying of persons opposed to Mormonism or desiring to quit Mormon territory. Brigham Young held killing no murder in the latter cases. When he died he left seventeen widows and fifty-six children to divide up his estate of over £200,000.

The whole question of the admittance of Utah to the dignity of Statehood has turned upon the polygamy of the Mormons. Law after law was passed, making polygamy illegal; but most of them became dead letters through the political influence of the offenders. In 1894, however, the church formally renounced plurality of wives, and was admitted; but four years later sent to Congress a representative who had three wives. He was not allowed to take his seat. But, whatever the official declaration of the church on the subject, its apostles still advocate the same joyful plurality of wives which the ancient patriarchs enjoyed; and in 1906 Joseph Fielding Smith, head of the church, and proud father of upwards of two-score children, was fined £60 for polygamy.

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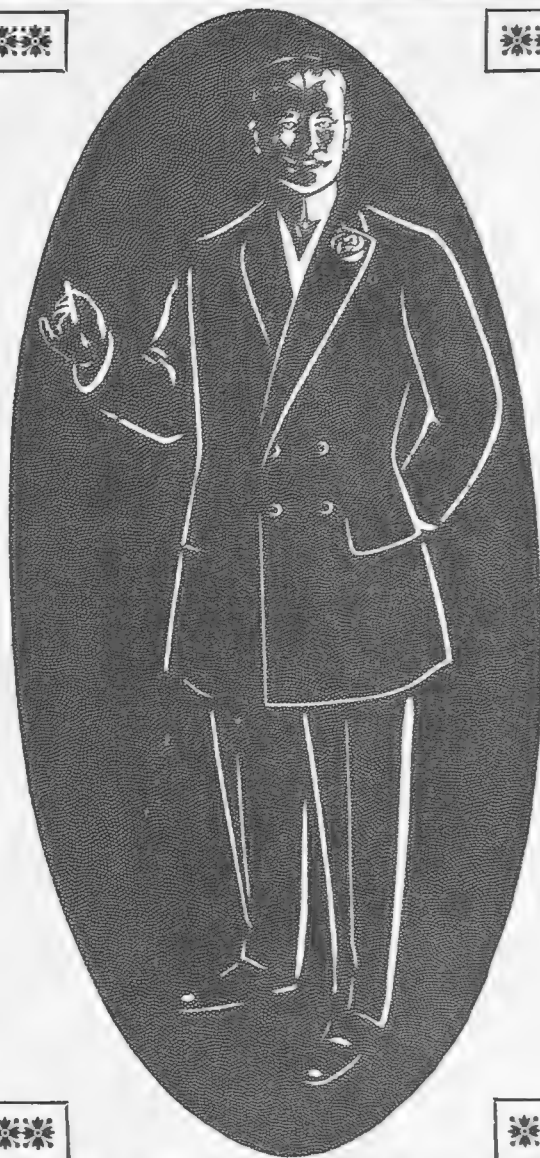
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almost as long to cut a suit badly as to cut it well; in fact, often bad
clothes take longer to cut than good clothes. So it is with the making
of a garment. A good craftsman will produce a high-class garment
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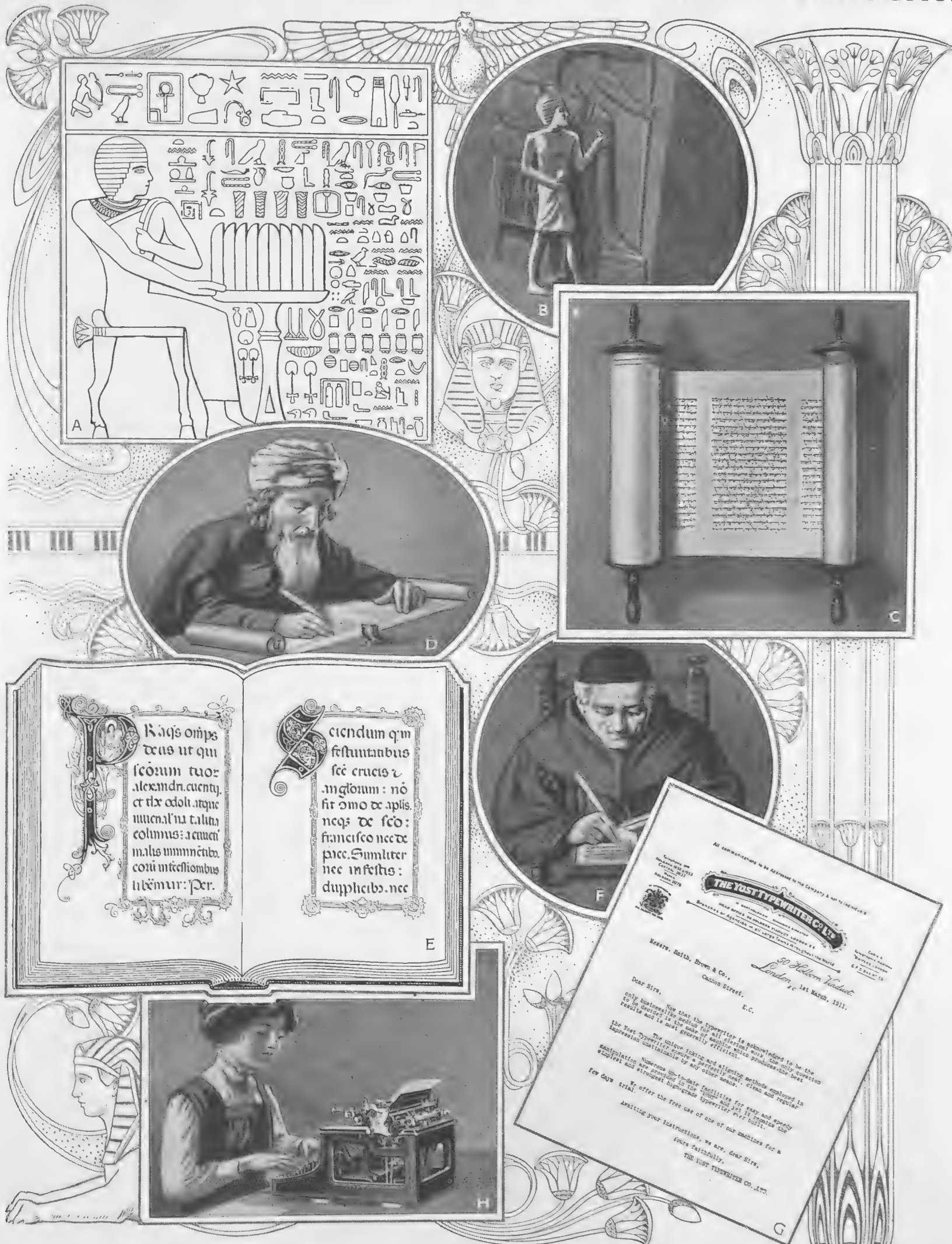
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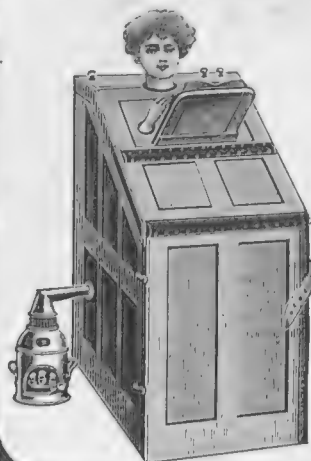
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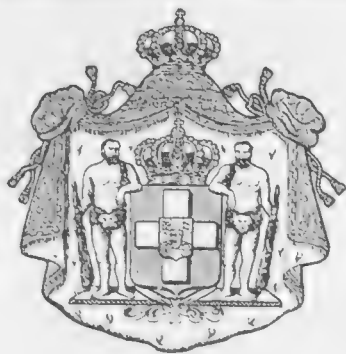
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The Fear of Growing Stout

is no longer a nightmare,
owing to the discovery of

IODHYRINE

by Dr. DESCHAMP, of the Paris Medical Faculty.

MUST we ascribe it to the ascendancy of the tight-fitting modes and the hobble-skirt? I really don't know; but what I do know is that "embonpoint" has never hitherto been regarded as so unbearable.

Women in particular have a terrible fear of growing fat; but one must not imagine that men are indifferent to the menace. On the contrary, innumerable are those of the sterner sex who, haunted by the same nightmare, would give anything to retain a slender figure.

Fat which, after all, represents normally but a reserve of nutrition, is not an evil in itself; only we don't want too much of it. If a tendency to slight stoutness is rather a good sign than otherwise, the same cannot be said of obesity which has become a real pathological condition, a constant source of painful sensations, complications, and dangers.

In the first place, a superabundance of fat spoils shapely lines, while at the same time it is harmful to the skin owing to the resultant disturbances in cutaneous circulation. But the worst is that the invasion of adipose tissue encroaches on and compresses the stomach, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, the spleen, etc., giving rise to constipation, dyspepsia, difficult breathing, and their attendant evils.

Among the treatments suggested (so numerous that they arouse an attitude of caution), some are untrustworthy, others difficult of application, not to mention those which are really dangerous and threaten worse results than the malady itself.

There is no doubt that all rational treatment of obesity ought logically to resolve itself into these three rules: 1. To diminish the amount of food taken. 2. To stimulate the dispersion of waste products. 3. To regulate nutrition while increasing the vitality.

But how are we to solve this triple equation, of which the last factor is apparently the most essential? Ah, it is not methods that are lacking: we are faced with an embarrassment of choice.

There is diet, for instance. Unfortunately, special dieting, however little severe it may be, may become a veritable martyrdom. And this without taking into account the almost inevitable consequences of certain forms of dieting—the "dry" regime, for example, which results in self-poisoning, due to the

obstruction of the renal filter, through insufficient flushing. Then there are physical methods, the judicious use of which might constitute an excellent treatment if they did not demand most of the patient's leisure time, and financial resources, etc., which are not within the reach of all.

Lastly, there are specific drugs which claim to prevent accumulation of fat by dissolving it in due proportion. But about these it would probably be best to say nothing, for the majority of these "charms"—I speak of those which "act" at all—are species of poisons whose methods can no longer be tolerated.

I know of but one single and unique exception: the marvellous IODHYRINE, the fame of which is beginning to extend all over the world. There is no doubt that IODHYRINE, as its name indicates, has iodine for a basis; and ordinary iodine, whose solvent action is well known, cannot be used—objectors will tell us—without drawbacks. I quite agree.

But the triumph of Dr. Deschamp, inventor of IODHYRINE, is precisely in having found a method (by combining iodine with a protein under special conditions) of depriving iodine of all its irritating properties, while leaving it in full possession of its valuable and beneficial qualities.

The Doctor has thus obtained a first-class product, absolutely harmless, which the system can assimilate in its entirety, and which has such an affinity for fat that it consumes it—almost visibly, so to speak—while at the same time it regulates the nutrition and circulation, and restores vital energy.

Besides the thousands of individuals whom IODHYRINE has enabled quickly to regain, in health and vigour, what they lost in weight (2 lbs. per week on an average), I can call to witness hundreds of doctors in all countries who have publicly testified to its value, and also Public Health Departments which, after experiment, have not hesitated to accord to IODHYRINE the rare favour of official admission in general practice, as in Roumania, Argentina, Brazil, Russia, etc., etc.

This is why I give the recipe to all my readers who suffer from obesity.

EMILE GAUTIER.



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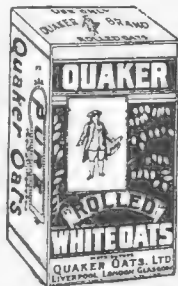
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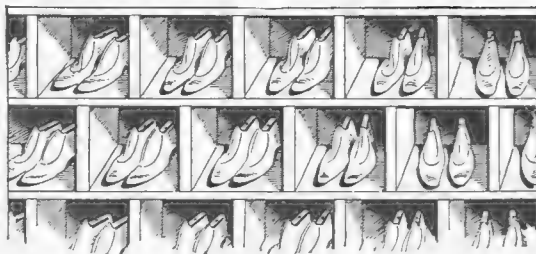
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(Continued.)

The Whole Duty of the Cyclist.

It must, I think, be admitted that the cyclist who, a decade since, was king of all he surveyed, so far as the King's highway is concerned, cannot, deposed as he has been by the motorist, be expected to hold automobilism in overweening regard. But he should recognise the inevitable, and until such time as he can aspire to a motor-car by the path of the motor-cycle, he should make up his mind to give the motorist equal right of way with himself. Knowing full well that the onus and obloquy of any accident, however caused, is always on the motor-car driver, he should, when meeting with fair treatment, abstain from embarrassing the motorist, who, in the majority, is ever nervous of cyclists when being passed or overtaken. It is no sort of hardship for a single-track machine to take the side of the road—indeed, in the present state of our highways the best surfaces for cycling are always found there. He should remember, as I have suggested, that the cyclist of to-day is very frequently the motor-cyclist or motorist of to-morrow, and do in his present as he would be done by in his future state.

Salutary Action by the A.A.

I am moved thus to moralise by the particulars of a case in which the Automobile Association most properly moved a few days ago, when they prosecuted a cyclist for obstructing a motor-car driven by the Hon. C. N. Bruce. It would seem that the car was being driven in the neighbourhood

of Whetstone, when a cyclist was noticed travelling ahead in a similar direction. Notwithstanding repeated soundings of the horn he refused to draw on to his own side to allow the car to pass, and continued wilfully to obstruct, turning round and jibing the while, for over a mile. As I have said, very properly two summonses were taken out against him, one for failing to keep on his near side, and the other for obstruction. After it had been explained that vindictive penalties were not sought, Sir Alfred Reynolds, the Chairman of the Bench, in imposing a fine of 10s. and costs, or seven days in default, made some remarks which, as falling from a Chairman of a bench of magistrates, are so charged with sage suggestion to certain of his Surrey and Sussex brethren that I do not hesitate to quote them here.

Bear and Forbear.

Sir Alfred Reynolds strongly emphasised the necessity of road users helping each other, and the undesirability of occurrences of this character. He stated, most opportunely, that motorists had as much right to the use of the highway as the drivers of any other vehicles, and offences of this kind very often led to motorists taking risks in passing other users of the road on the near side; the result being that if an accident occurred the motorists got into trouble through no fault of their own. He thought there was no excuse for conduct of the character indicated in the present case. Most excellent Judge! But I should like to suggest that, after all, cyclists are not the worst offenders in this way, and a few examples made of the drivers of tradesmen's carts and wagons in the country would have a salutary effect.

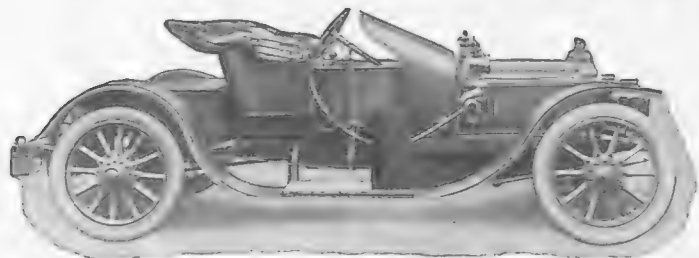


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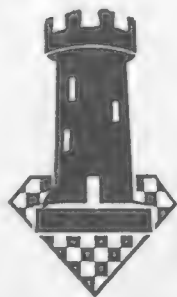
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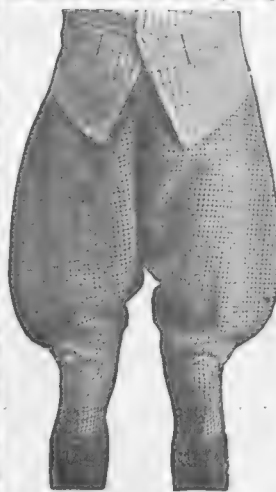
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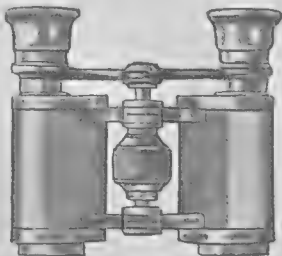
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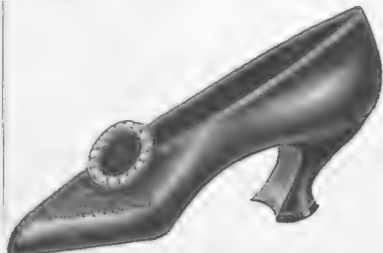
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with M. Nijinsky; the Manoeuvres of Max; the Cup Final at the Palace; Great Air-Journeys; Our Wonderful World; The Hon. Sybil Brodrick; Terrors of the Tee; Giacomo Puccini; the Sisters Ridley; Miss Nina Sevensing; Exaggerated Fashions of the Past; Miss Loie Fuller; Mme. Michael Mordkin; Miss Iris Hoey; and the Writing on the Hand.

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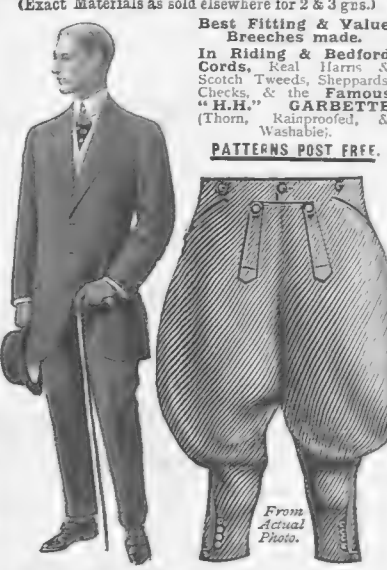
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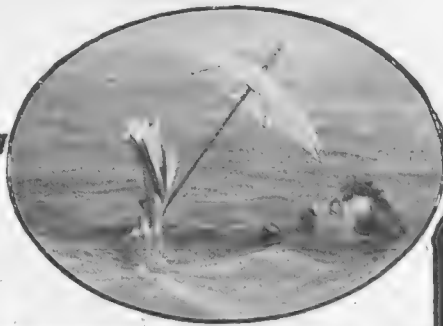
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MR. THOMAS HOLMES, the well-known mission worker and writer, says: "I soon saw the beneficial effects of the Turvey Treatment—their physical condition rapidly improved—they became bright and hopeful—in fact, new men."

MR. LABOUCHERE, in "TRUTH," states: "The Treatment has had really good results."

MR. W. T. STEAD says: "It gives a man a fresh start."

LORD ROBERTS writes: "Much interested in the case of the Sergeant-Major as showing the efficacy of the Turvey Treatment."

The Turvey Treatment can be sent to any part of the country or abroad

Call, write, or 'phone for Consultation Sheet and Particulars, Secretary, TURVEY TREATMENT ASSOCIATION, 49S, Maddox Street, New Bond Street, W.
Telephone: 3406 Mayfair. Telegrams: "Turvert, London."

The **TOCAH** The Latest in **HAMMOCKS**
Absolutely Unique.



No Ropes, Wires, Pegs, or Posts to Fix.

Folds Flat and Opens as Simply as an ordinary Folding Chair. The head end can be either raised to form a Lounge or lowered to form a Bed. Catalogue free.

Obtained at all leading Stores or direct from the
TOCAH CO., LTD.,
Specialists in Garden Hammocks and Tents,
51G, DERBYSHIRE ST., LONDON, E.



MONDAY IS COLD MEAT DAY, BUT EVERY PRUDENT HOUSE-WIFE KNOWS THAT 'O.K.' IS THE COLD MEAT SAUCE.

GIANT BOTTLE 7½

Other Sizes: 6d. and 4½d.

O.K. SAUCE

H. & A.



The present-day demand is for mild Bacon, but with good keeping qualities. In MILES' you have all which goes to make a bacon agreeable to the most fastidious palate—mildness in cure, uniformity in quality, and cheapness in price.

Will you try a side? We CAN please you.

MILES' Finest Three-Star Excellent (weighing about 45 lbs.)

Unsmoked 7½d. per lb.
Smoked 7½d. ..

Rail Paid Anywhere. Send for Illustrated List.

EDWARD MILES,
BROADMEAD BACON FACTORY, BRISTOL.

Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.—"Health."

SUFFERERS from any disease due to impurities in the blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Boils, Pimples, Sores and Eruptions of all kinds, Rheumatism, Gout, etc., should at once test the value of

Clarke's Blood Mixture

There is no other medicine that purifies the blood so thoroughly, and that is why, in thousands of cases, it has effected truly remarkable cures where all other treatments have failed.

Of all Chemists, &c., per bottle, 2s.

The Illustrated London News,

APRIL 29.

THE MORMON QUESTION**The Illustrated London News,**

APRIL 29.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

Humber

AN INTERESTING TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. C. J. B. COOKE, of Chester Place, Crewe, writes :

March 28, 1911.

"I have much pleasure in giving my testimony with regard to the 12 h.p. Humber Car purchased from you about a year ago. The car is very easy to handle, runs comfortably at any speed up to 40 miles per hour with five up. It is very suitable for a lady to drive, and the arrangement for exchanging wh els is so handy that one of my daughters has had the car on the road again in six minutes after being brought up by a puncture."

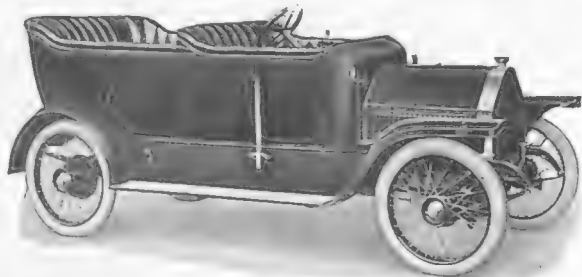
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MADE.

Automatic Tyre Carrier.

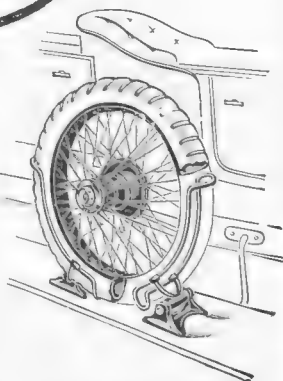
(Hilton's Patent.)

Perfectly Rigid and entirely Automatic in action. No straps. No trouble. Steady as a rock over the roughest roads.

The Simplest and most Practical

Tyre Carrier on the Market.

Of all Dealers. Descriptive Pamphlet Free from—
ROTAX MOTOR ACCESSORIES CO.,
43 & 45, Great Eastern St., London, E.C.
Works: London and Birmingham.



Price from 30/- per set.

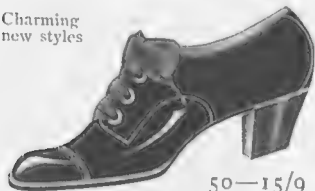
LOTUS

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The cream of English shoe making; beautifully made and delightful to wear. Obtainable everywhere—Lotus agent in every town.

Write THE LOTUS SHOE MAKERS, STAFFORD, or telephone No. 6989 London Wall for complete catalogue and address of the agent in your district. Remember he can get immediately if not in his stock any Lotus you prefer. Once fitted, always fitted.

Charming
new styles



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Derby



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62—17/9

The Golf Champion



Photo. L.N.A.

Steady Nerve, Confidence, Endurance—

"To enable one to do the very best possible, I have found nothing to equal Phosferine," says James Braid, holder of the Open Golf Championship. Everybody attributes Braid's victory to his steady nerve, and the champion himself, who never gets 'flustered,' says his fine condition is due to Phosferine. As winner of the Championship for five years, James Braid says deliberately and forcibly, that Phosferine ensures a firm hand, a sure eye, and braces the system to endure great physical strain.

This carefully weighed testimony of the Champion, proving how Phosferine has done so much for him, banishing sleeplessness, maintaining his health, is evidence the tonic will enable all dependent upon an alert brain, sure eye, and steady hand, to do the very best possible.

Are Easily Acquired.

Mr. James Braid (winner of the Open Championship, 1901, 1905, 1906, 1908, and 1910), writes:—"It is of the greatest importance to anyone taking part in first-class golf, or who desires to play as well as it is possible for him to do, that his general health and particularly his nerves should be in the best possible state. It is essential, in view of the great strain placed upon the player, that he should get the full amount of sleep, and feel tuned up, and that his hand and eye should be as steady as possible. In my experience I have found nothing to equal Phosferine for attaining these objects, and I can thoroughly recommend it to all players of this game."

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility
Influenza
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain-Fag
Anæmia

Backache
Rheumatism
Headache
Hysteria
Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



The Royal Tonic



Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania

H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia
H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

Continued from Page 94.]

you may have to wait until more of the weaker brethren are out."

The little party, after the usual mild squabble as to who should not pay, strolled down Old Broad Street, and turned to the right just as members came streaming out of the House at five minutes past four.

"Wait for me a minute; I've got to find a man," said Our Stroller's broker; while the other pair melted as only brokers can disappear—upon occasion.

Left to himself, Our Stroller leant against the granite wall of the House, and listened with keen interest to the buzz of talk that went on all around him.

"I shouldn't like to sell a bear here, although Modders and Rand Mines *do* look tempting," said one man. "I can almost see them going better—almost, but not quite."

"There is no bull account in Kaffirs or Yankees," remarked another. "And that's significant."

"Of what?" demanded a third. "The bigger the back, the bigger the fall. You know that as well as I do."

"Better," was the affable answer. "But then, you see, there isn't any back."

"There are bears about, all the same."

"Granted. But the rise is not yet."

"That we shall see all in due time. Meanwhile, don't you think that Chartered are cheap?"

Our Stroller leant forward rather too eagerly. His hat fell off like that of the confederate at Epsom when someone "spots the queen" on his pal's open umbrella, and for a minute or two the atmosphere seemed somewhat sultry.

Eventually he found himself on the opposite kerb, and he heard one man tell another—

"Don't worry yourself about Kaffirs or Rhodesians. Go for Diamonds. Buy De Beers, Jagers, or Premier. Why? Because the market in stones is a very good one, and you'll make a lot of money."

"But suppose I don't make a lot?"

"Then somebody else will make yours, if the prices go down. Pretty obvious, isn't it? Keeps the money in circulation, and what does it matter, after all, who has it, so long as it isn't wasted?"

"That isn't the man I should pick out for my broker," mused Our Stroller, as he went a little further along. "Why, he's worse than—Hullo, here you are! I was just thinking about you."

"You are always full of compliments," replied the broker. "Come on: standing still is dangerous work; it makes one so thirsty."

"But we've just had tea," and Our Stroller feebly protested.

"That's another good reason," replied his mentor.

So they went in, and of course they found the journalist already there.

Saturday, April 22, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

E. S. C.—Not much of a chance for some time to come, we fear. Should sell it you can.

E. B. J.—Your letter has been handed to the Editor, as it is not concerned in any way with financial matters.

CONSOLS.—Very disappointing, but likely, we think, to recover again.

EXASPERATED.—Vanguard Preference are about 6s. 3d. You can sell, of course, if you wish, and the transaction would be settled on the Stock Exchange pay-day following the issue of whatever new stock you receive, and in that stock, as the Vanguard books were finally closed many months ago.

NEW ISSUE.—The Pacific and Papua Produce, Ltd., formed with a capital of £150,000 in £1 shares, divided equally into 7 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference and Ordinary, offers 60,000 of the former for subscription at par. The Company has been formed to take over about 10,500 acres of land in Papua and certain adjacent islands, together with an option to purchase the lease of a group of islands off the coast of Papua. A timber contract is part of the assets acquired, and the Company anticipates making profits, from rubber, copra, etc., ranging from £4400 in 1911-12 to £40,725 in 1918-19, with more thereafter.

PREMIER OIL AND PIPE.—The speculative investor is awakening to the potentialities of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company's shares. They have now advanced to 24s., and some think that on merit they may go still higher. Three interim quarterly dividends of 10 per cent. have been paid, and on the statement of output issued in January by the directors it is anticipated that the final distribution will be on a larger scale. The shares, as just stated, are now about 24s., and a purchase at this price might turn out well, as the market is talking them to a higher figure.

MAIKOP AND EASTERN OIL.—Amongst the Oil shares that have not been booming with the others may be mentioned those of the Maikop and Eastern Oil Company, a concern which has important share interests in Maikop, Grosny, and Egypt. The demand which has developed for Maikop shares is naturally of promise for any Company with holdings like these. The Company is moderately capitalised at £50,000, in shares of 2s. each, and buyers at the present price of round about par have prospects of seeing a fair rise if the Maikop excitement is maintained.

A Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states amongst other things that—

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST is NOW OPEN, and will CLOSE on or before WEDNESDAY, the 26th April, 1911.

PACIFIC & PAPUA PRODUCE, LTD.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

An Immediate Income from Timber, Copra (Cocoanuts), and other Produce.

CAPITAL - £150,000

Divided into 75,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1 each, and 75,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

The 75,000 Cumulative Participating Preference Shares carry a fixed cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum and a further right to one half of the surplus profits of the Company in any year after the Ordinary Shares have received a non-cumulative dividend of 7 per cent. and rank both as to dividend and capital in priority to the Ordinary Shares, but without any further right to participate in the profits or assets.

60,000 7 PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PARTICIPATING PREFERENCE SHARES ARE NOW OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION AT PAR. Payable—1s. on Application; 4s. on Allotment; 5s. one Month after Allotment, and balance when required.

Over 25,000 of these Shares have been underwritten by the Directors and their friends. 35,000 Ordinary shares will be issued to Mombiri Rubber Plantations, Ltd., the Vendor Company, as fully paid in part payment of the properties to be taken over.

Out of the proceeds of the present issue the sum of £10,000 will be paid to the Vendor Company as the cash portion of the purchase price, £19,000 will be paid to complete the purchase of the Conflict Islands, which is the principal reason for the formation of this Company, and £31,000 WILL BE SET ASIDE FOR WORKING CAPITAL and the preliminary expenses.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE E. J. MANNERS, D.L., J.P. (Chairman), Ferry Farm, Woodbridge, Suffolk, Chairman District Messenger and Theatre Ticket Company, Ltd., Director The African City Properties Trust, Ltd.

J. HAMILTON HOULDSWORTH, D.L., J.P., Castlebank, Lanark, N.B., Director of Coltness Iron Company, Ltd., and Caledonian Railway Company.

COLONEL E. F. SULLIVAN, Wilmington, Woking, Surrey. } Directors of the Vendor Company.

G. F. WHYBROW, Port Moresby, Papua; Brooklea, Esher, Surrey, Planter. }

BANKERS.

UNION OF LONDON AND SMITHS BANK, LIMITED, 1, Lombard Street, E.C.

ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, 3, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., Glasgow, and Branches.

SOLICITORS—HARGROVE and CO., 16, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

BROKERS—JAMES MASON and SON, 19, Old Broad Street, E.C.

WINGATE and WATERS, 19, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.

AUDITORS—MAXTONE, GRAHAM, and SIME, C.A., 8, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

PRODUCE BROKERS—HALE and SON, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES—F. H. C. HARRIS, F.C.I.S., 134, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

This Company has been formed for the purposes set out in the Memorandum of Association and particularly to acquire as and from January 1st, 1911, for the sum of £45,000, payable as to £35,000 in Ordinary Shares and £10,000 in cash, the following properties of the Mombiri Rubber Plantations, Ltd., the Vendor Company; on which the Vendor Company has spent over £15,000 upon development—

PROPERTIES TO BE ACQUIRED.

The total area of the estates to be acquired is about 10,500 acres, made up as follows—

Kanosia Estates	750 acres.
Aroa River Estates	1425 "
Collingwood Bay Estate	up to 5000 "
Conflict Islands	about 3000 "
Island of Panauie	about 400 "

10,585 acres.

* These islands are comprised in the option mentioned hereafter.

NO. 1 ESTATE—2187 acres of land situated at Kanosia and Aroa River, together with all young Hevea trees planted in the nurseries on such estates, and the benefit of a contract for the planting of 500 acres of such estates with Hevea and upkeeping same until 1913 for the sum of

£10 per acre as hereinafter stated, **MAKING THE TOTAL ESTIMATED COST** to period of tapping **LESS THAN £20 PER ACRE**, in respect of such 500 acres.

The land on No. 1 Estate has a frontage of about 1 mile to the Aroa River, which discharges into a deep water anchorage within easy reach of Port Moresby. The Southern portion adjoins Sir Rupert Clarke's well-known Kanosia Rubber Estates, and is approached by the Government Road.

No. 1 Estate is held on Government Leases for terms of 99 years from dates of grants as follows—

(a) Kanosia, 500 acres,	8th March, 1909, under Land Act, 1906.
(b) " 262 "	16th August, 1910, " " " 1910.
(c) Aroa River, 1000 "	8th March, 1909, " " " 1906.
(d) " 425 "	16th August, 1910, " " " 1910.

NO. 2 ESTATE.—5000 acres belonging to the Vendor Company at Collingwood Bay, of which 300 acres were planted by the well-known planter, Mr. H. A. Wickham, with Hevea Rubber (40 trees to the acre) during 1909 and 1910. The working plant on the Estate consists of 15-ton trading lugger " Jessie Riley," Motor Whaleboat, 5 Dinghies, Rubber Smoking Machinery, Tools, Agricultural Implements, Managers' Bungalows, Stores and Buildings, and the necessary plant for carrying on work on the plantation is included in the sale.

CONFLICT ISLANDS.—The Company has agreed to take over the benefit of an option granted by Mr. J. A. Carpenter, of Cairns, North Queensland, on behalf of the Conflict Island Group Planting Association, to purchase for the sum of £20,000 a lease of a group of islands off the coast of Papua known as the Conflict Group, containing about 3000 acres of land, of which some 500 are already planted with cocoanuts, as follows: 7700 trees planted in 1895 and 1897, 10,500 trees planted in 1907 and 1908, 2000 trees planted in 1908.

Half the above planted area is now in bearing and producing an annual revenue of £1120, and further development at the rate of 500 acres per annum will produce a yearly revenue of £13,500 when in full bearing.

The 18 islands form a lagoon which contains valuable deposits of Mother of Pearl, Sponges, and trepang. Hawksbill turtles (the shell of which is the valuable tortoiseshell of commerce) visit the islands in large quantities annually, and casual profits from this source have hitherto been considerable. A well-equipped trading station will be established on the islands in addition to that already existing upon the Company's land at Collingwood Bay.

The working plant on the Estate consists of 1 10-ton lugger, 1 whale-boat, Managers' Houses on Central Island, Native Houses, planting tools, etc., necessary for the efficient working of the Estate.

Also the Company secures an adjoining island of Panauie, which is held on a lease under the Papua Act, 1906, for a term of 99 years, together with a valuable Town building-site at Port Moresby, the capital of Papua.

TIMBER CONTRACT with William C. Bruce to supply 6,000,000 feet of timber. In view of the well-known exhaustion of forests which have hitherto formed the source of supply for both hard and soft timbers, it is believed that the proposed shipments should prove to be the inception of a large and profitable timber industry. This trial contract for Papuan timber should be the forerunner of an important trade of great interest to consumers and timber merchants. The Vendors have received favourable quotations for freight to this country and the Continent by direct steamer, and having regard to the favourable reports on this timber received from Contractors and others who are in a position to use large quantities of it, they consider that they may calculate on selling the above quantity at a minimum profit of 2s. 6d. per 100 feet super, making £7500. Further contracts can be readily obtained upon similar terms.

PURCHASE PRICE.

On the above Properties the Vendor Company has expended over £15,000 on development, including the sum of £1000 paid in December last as a deposit to secure the said option on the Conflict Island group. The purchase price fixed by the Vendor Company is £45,000, to be paid and satisfied as to £35,000 in shares and £10,000 in cash.

PROFITS.

The following estimate of yearly profit is based upon and according to the planting programme. Copra is taken at £14 10s. net per ton, and Rubber at 1s. 3d. net per lb., thus making full allowance for labour and cost of production. Timber profits are estimated at 2s. 6d. per 100 super feet.

* SINCE THE PRINTING OF THE PROSPECTUS ONE MILLION FEET OF THIS

TIMBER HAVE BEEN SOLD AT A PROFIT OF 4s. PER 100 FEET.

The average annual profit from various sources during 1911-13 should approximate £10,000.

	In 1911-12	£4,400*	In 1915-16	£17,275
	1912-13	£10,097	1916-17	£21,760
	1913-14	£10,160	1917-18	£30,025
	1914-15	£11,060	1918-19	£40,725

* Only three months' Timber Sales included.

Copies of the Full Prospectus, UPON THE TERMS OF WHICH APPLICATIONS WILL ALONE BE RECEIVED, and Application Forms can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers or Solicitors.

PROSPECTUSES SENT IN RESPONSE TO A TELEGRAM TO "OVERISSUE," LONDON.

The 5 o'clock Tea

Incidents
from a Lady's life
(Picture 17)

The "4711" Eau de Cologne is the least obtrusive, the most refined and delicate Perfume known. Its refreshing qualities are fully recognised by Connoisseurs all over the world. The "4711" is not subject to changes of Fashion. It is the Perfume of the past, the present and the future.

Insist upon the Blue & Gold labelled "4711".

Sold
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Try the 1/6 Box of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne Soap.

OLD-ENGLISH-GARDEN-SEATS

IN ENGLISH OAK
The most beautiful and
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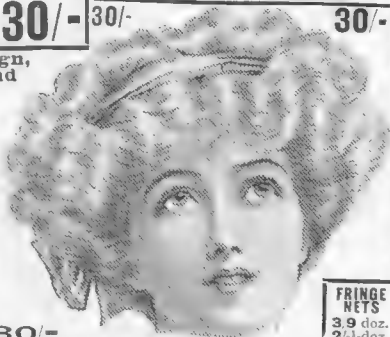
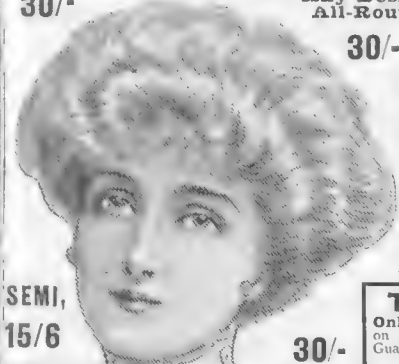
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houses : Treillage : Pergolas : Sundials
Fountains :: Vases :: etc. :: etc.

MARVELLOUS WEST END OFFER HAIR NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL

**CORONATION
ALL-ROUND
TRANSFORMATIONS 30/-**

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30/- Any Design,
All-Round
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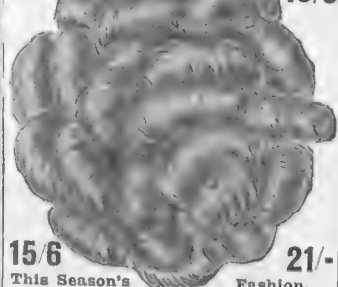
SEMI,
15/6 30/-

TEST AND GUARANTEE.

Only Best Quality Hair Used. We send all Goods on approval and Exchange with pleasure. This is our Guarantee of Good Faith. No Other Firm will do this Unreservedly as we do.

CORONATION CURLS.

7/6 10/6



15/6 21/-
This Season's Fashion.
CAPPETTE OF CURLS. 7/6, 10/6, 15/6, 21/-

TAILS OF BEST
QUALITY PURE HAIR.
16in., 26; 18in., 3/6;
20in., 5/-; 22in., 7/-;
24in., 11/6; 26in., 15/-;
28in., 20/-; 30in., 25/-

OLD WIGS.
Transformations, Tails,
Frames, &c. MADE
LIKE NEW at a
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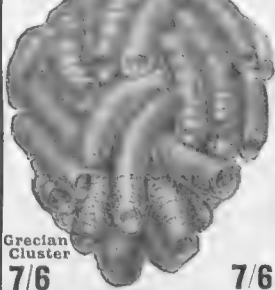
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Smile.*

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

Sold in Three Strengths:
**MILD, MEDIUM
and FULL**

A Testing Sample will be forwarded
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Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co.
(of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.,
GLASGOW.



5d. per oz. :

10d. per 2 oz. ; 1s. 8d. per 1 lb.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Magic of the Hill."

BY DUNCAN SCHWANN.
(Heinemann.)

Everyone who read "The Book of a Bachelor" will hasten to welcome Mr. Schwann's reappearance. A merry wit, whether served as a savoury with a seasoning of cynicism or converted into a sweet by an artful sprinkling of sentiment, is a good dish either way, and, as an irresponsible bachelor, Mr. Schwann was very reliable in its concoction. With the menu of a serious and continuous meal upon his hands, he is not so wholly satisfactory. Through Harry Rothwell he has made a strenuous endeavour to see a phase of a foreign civilisation as might, conceivably, one of its natives. But the Union Jack has a way of enshrouding our living civilian *qui fait la tour* very much, as it covers a dead soldier, and so the most sympathetic of observers can but observe by peeping from behind the pattern of its glorious convention. Of course, there are degrees. It becomes necessary sometimes to blush for a countryman. As once at the Red Windmill, where at one of its tables two well-set-up young Londoners in tidy lounge suits were having a drink. A charmingly pale creature, her body still pulsing from the impassioned dance, fluttered among the crowd seeking a seat. Snatching a cigarette from the Londoners' table she lit it gracefully at one of theirs, and with an adorable gesture of frolic pulled back his head behind whose chair she bent and kissed him on the nose. Whereupon the two aforesaid Londoners exchanged a nervous grin and hurriedly escaped! Harry Rothwell's first entrance to Bohemia was better than that. He had come of age, to a round of ceremony and festival in the historic castle which bore his name; he had arrived in Paris with an Embassy appointment, obtained by an anxious father for an only son, whose possible tendencies of birth everything that could be done to stifle had been done. From the moment that his cab carried him from her station to her Boulevards, Paris peculiarly appealed to him. In a great salon and from a great lady he learned casually the secret of that appeal which lay in the name of his dead mother. She had been Odette Savigny, a singer, an artist, and, above all, a Parisienne. Harry rushed from the fashionable company of the house in the Boulevard Malesherbes to take this new self-knowledge under the reassuring stars. After walking for some distance blindly and uphill, he read "Rue Pigalle" at the bottom of a steep street. His feet were on the

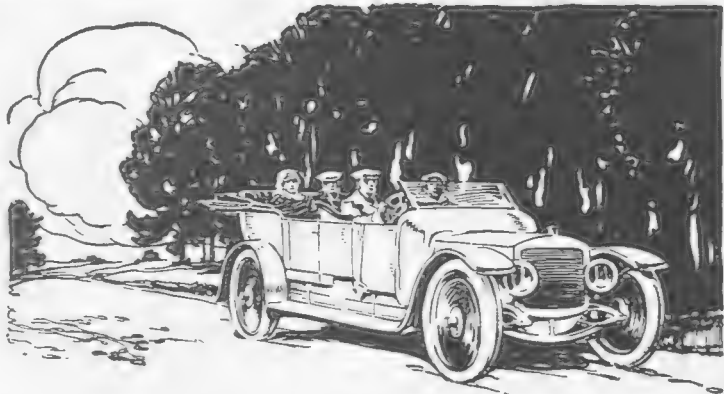
Hill, and its magic danced in the illuminations from many a famous restaurant. Once arrived, Harry acquitted himself as became Odette Savigny's son. At the close of a chansonette, he carried the *disease* in his arms to his table, that they might drink champagne together; and after many hours of revelry, not without a tragic episode, he emerged to the fresh radiance of the morning on the Place Pigalle, "where the snow-white dome of the Church of the Sacred Heart hung like a fairy bubble in the summer sky." Foster, the irrepressible Philistine, whose practical animalism becomes refreshing by contrast with Harry's romantic sentimentality, and Grace Malvern, adventuress (small blame to her either, for red hair, cold heart, and elegance are fatal as much as involuntary possessions), cannot, in spite of much shrewd and diverting drawing, conceal the weakness of the composition as a whole. Captain Wallace, derelict, is of the Adelphi, calculated to draw as many tears as shillings from the gallery; nor is Morton Trench serious drama. But if essay-writing were a demand in the market, what a delightful supply Mr. Schwann could give it! One has only to remember Colonel Rothwell's toilette: his temper too short and uncertain to cope successfully with the trials that beset the tasks either of putting on or taking off clothes; Jack Foster's definition of the Artistic Temperament—"a damned bad horse to back, by Tommy-rot out of Swelled Head, and no starter"; or the philosophic humour on dining which opens Chapter XVIII. As for Harry Rothwell, he never spoke a truer word than when he said, "My place is at home, making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, not specialising in the underside of life on Montmartre."

"The Valley of Regret."

BY ADELAIDE HOLT.
(The Bodley Head.)

Life seems a sad affair viewed in the "Valley of Regret." The men and women straying there know no sunlight of happiness—only two stars which shine when the valley is darkest, cold and very beautiful. They are called courage and consideration for others. Miss Holt's heroine has little earthly about her except her red hair. She is sometimes inclined, with her mother-in-law, to accuse her gentle reserves as want of imagination. It is difficult to see the possibility of any gaiety, however light and innocent, while a charming and devoted husband served a term of penal servitude as a murderer. That is what poor Betty's husband came to, young and sensitive and chivalrous, because he drank. And he drank apparently because his father had done so before him.

(Continued on page 1.)



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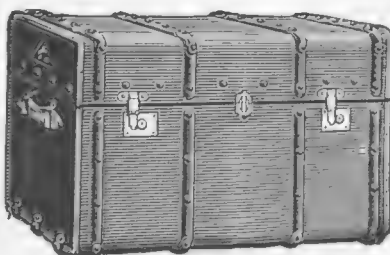
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During his imprisonment her womanhood awoke for another man as never before for him. The man who aroused it was a rough diamond of a parish doctor, proud of his mother's calling, which was a washerwoman's. But the husband, getting a remission of his sentence, returns home a most pitiful and touching wreck. Dr. Earle had already said "Good-bye" for a leper settlement, and Betty, with her hand in her husband's, faced the valley "with the passionate bravery of a young Crusader." The closing words of the story leave an uncertainty with the note of prevailing despair which is almost merciful.

"The Unknown God."

By PUTNAM WEALE.
(Macmillan.)

Mr. Putnam Weale's book on Chinese missions forms a significant commentary to a recent controversy in the *Morning Post*. Paul Hancock, while at school, witnessed a tragedy which involved the death of his schoolmaster. The emotional shock awoke his spiritual nature; it awoke to hear conventional platitudes from the school curate. As a result, nothing in the unsympathetic atmosphere of his home availed to stifle certain growths of a noble fanaticism, and finding himself, early in life, independent both financially and in a family sense, he departed for a Chinese mission station. His record there was a year of disappointment, disillusion, and little learning. He was faced from the beginning with hostilities of varying sects: Catholics, Anglicans, Baptists, mutually suspicious. The English and American missionaries become real personalities as Mr. Weale writes of them, and he has created a remarkable character in Mr. Dunning, the Commissioner of the civilian settlement, which was as deeply concerned with cargo as the missions with souls. His brilliant intellect, his extraordinary scholarship, his enthusiasms burning to a fanaticism also, though of coarser quality than Hancock's, were felt by that young man to be as dangerous as they were fascinating; never more so than when, captured by a Mahomedan troop, he found the Commissioner, who had disappeared from his office, leading a Mahomedan rebellion in the mountains. Some thrilling chapters relate the fate of the American mission, whose rich compound was sacked and burnt because they had refused to the river junk-men some immemorial rights of a towing-path over their land. A young American woman, beautiful by reason of her courage, is just saved from outrage, with others of her sex, by Hancock's ready action. After his escape from the mosque, he asks her, in the closing words of the story, to help him with "a great experiment." But everyone must read to understand the sympathy, the close reasoning, the knowledge of place and people which clothe this skeleton of facts. The book gives a vivid picture of China,

elusive, decorative, apathetic China; her peony gardens, her broad river roads, her land tracks between the paddy fields, and her inert athletic race, after the very heart of Nature, "a race so close to her, in spite of their hoary and complex civilisation, that at will she crushed them just as she fed them, raising them up by the million only to destroy them on the same great scale."

At the Æolian Hall, on Friday, May 12, Mr. Lorne Wallet, the well-known Scottish baritone, is giving a recital. Among many other successes, Mr. Wallet, it will be remembered, took the part of Father Time in Mr. Pelissier's revue, "All Change Here," at the Alhambra. He is a singer well worth hearing.

On the front page of the Supplement in our last Issue we gave a photograph of Miss Nina Sevens and Mr. Gerald du Maurier in "Passers-By" at Wyndham's. Through a printer's error, the quotation underneath read, "I'm going to church you." It should, of course, have been, "I'm going to chuck you."

Some remarkably catchy numbers are contained in this month's list of new records of the Gramophone Company. Among the comic songs Harry Lauder contributes "Good-bye till we meet again"; George Graves, "All Clear out of the Park"; Mark Sheridan, "You Can Do a Lot of Things"; while George Grossmith jun., and Edmund Payne give us "The Gendarmes' Duet" from Offenbach's "Geneviève de Brabant." Singing of a more serious character is finely represented by a number of new records of Melba and Caruso. Melba sings, among several other selections, Tosti's "Good-Bye," and Landon Ronald's "O, Lovely Night." Caruso also gives Tosti's "Good-Bye" ("Addio"), in Italian, and also the first ballad he has sung in English, "For You Alone." Other songs include "Agatha Green," sung by Margaret Cooper, and "Widdicombe Fair," sung by Mr. Charles Tree; while Mr. Arthur Bouchier gives a powerful recitation of the Dagger Speech from "Macbeth." A good selection of dance-music—six waltzes and two two-steps—is given by Herr de Groot's Orchestra, while among the band-music are "Temptation Rag," by Pryor's Band, and Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," by the Coldstreams.

In our Issue of April 5 we gave a photograph of the Duchess of Marlborough golfing on the Riviera, but we regret to learn that, through an agent's error, the name of the course was wrongly stated. The Duchess was playing, not at Monte Carlo, but on the well-known links of the Valescure Golf Club at St. Raphaël (Var).

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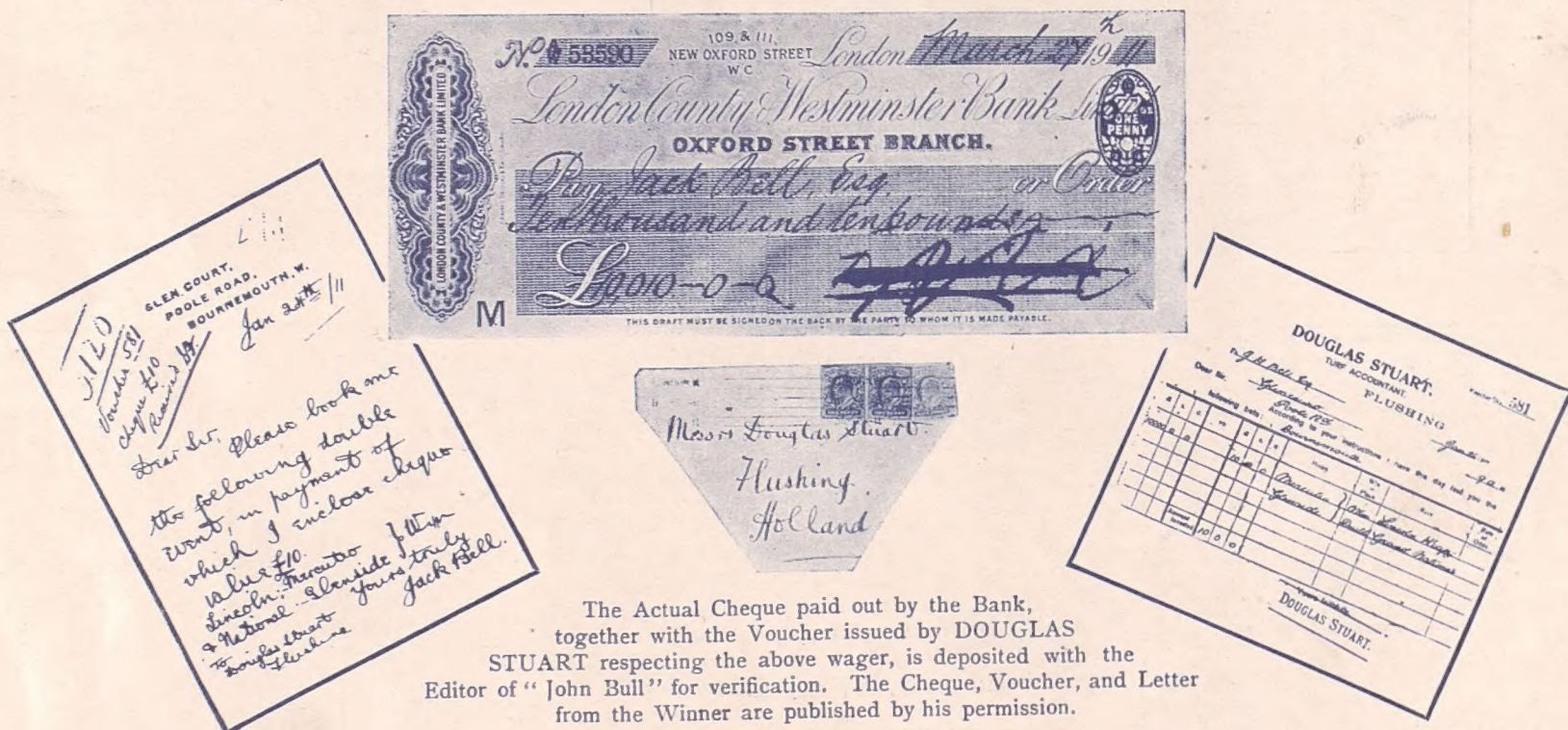
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BOOKS NOW OPEN on the JUBILEE.

What you WIN you will GET, even if £10,000 or £100,000. Douglas Stuart has not thought it necessary to state his "Bank Balance" in public, but a Win of £10,000 paid immediately "ON DEMAND" speaks for itself.

JOHN BULL:—"You are SAFE in the hands of Douglas Stuart, Flushing; he will pay you without fuss."

LOOKING GLASS, 15/4/1911: "To win at racing does not follow that the settlement is prompt. The gentleman who recently took £10,000 to £10 about Mercutio for the Lincoln Handicap and Glenside for the Grand National received an open cheque for £10,010 with Douglas Stuart's compliments on the Monday following the race. Our readers cannot do better than transact all their business with a layer of such world-wide repute, who is also a Member of Tattersall's."